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THE ARROW OF GOLD:

—OR,—

THE SHELL-GATHERER.

A Story that unfolds its own Mysteries and Moral.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECRETS OF THE CELLS."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE Earl of Monteagle slowly returned towards his castle, from the old church where he had talked with the weird woman. The interview between them lasted full half an hour; and resulted in a conviction on his part, that, though he would not surrender Agnes to her appeals, he might permit her to visit her and remain with her in her apartment, to watch over her.

"This much, I feel, is due to her singular affection for her," he said to the countess as he entered her room on his return, after having given an account of his interview with Dame Alice. "She is no witch—but a strong hearted woman who has been more abused by the superstitious hatred of ignorant people than she merits. I am satisfied that she will make a faithful nurse to the dear child; and she will need, in her helplessness, all the aid we can give her."

"But she is so old and hideous, my dear lord," objected the countess.

"Agnes is blind and cannot know it!"

"True. But may she be trusted?"

"Without doubt. Her affection for her is her security, dear wife! And we owe this to her; for truly she has a higher claim to her, than we ourselves have. Besides, it is imperative upon me to proceed to Madrid. I must leave London in two days. It will be impossible to leave you behind to watch over her, and as impossible to take Agnes, helpless as she is. It would be dragging her through a tour of misery."

"But with whom, besides this Dame Alice, who perseveres in calling her her child, shall we leave her?"

"My brother-in-law, Manners, will return tomorrow; and is to remain on furlough, you are aware, for several months, until his new frigate is completed. He remains here!"

"I had forgotten it. We can leave Agnes in his good hands, and that of the marchioness his amiable wife."

"Until our return. This is settled."

"I only object to this old dame."

"Consult Agnes. I have confidence in her, and to say truth I would gladly see her about Agnes; for I believe we should render both happy. Do not forget that if she is dear to us, we owe her to the courage of this woman." At this moment a page entered.

"I will see what Agnes says," answered the countess; and the earl sat down to open and read some letters, brought by the page, from London, while the Countess Eleanora sought the chamber of the blind maiden. At the door her ear was arrested by low voices. She paused and recognized in one of the speakers Philip; the other was Agnes. She was seated in the window that opened upon the terrace. The moonlight revealed the young shell-gatherer standing outside and leaning in over the very spot where she had in imagination written in air his name with the point of the golden arrow.

"I am alone to blame, Lady Agnes," he said, in tones of self-reproof. "I shall never forgive myself. If I could return your sight by giving up my own life, I would not hesitate a moment to sacrifice it."

"You are *not* to blame at all, Philip," she answered, very earnestly; and she extended her fair hand to feel for his, to grasp it in token of her confidence in his innocence. He was timid and would not touch it! he had not boldness enough to put his hand into her warm clasp. He felt himself but a fisher's lad, while she was a highborn maiden—invested by her birth and beauty, in his lowly view, with the superiority of a goddess. It was bold in him, it is true, to steal to her window and whisper her name as he had done; but it was from anxiety, from a desire to see her and ask her forgiveness, and to know how she was; and if there was no hope that she could see again. She appreciated his kindness, and her grateful accents thrilled through and through his soul. He felt he could have lingered there all night, to listen to her musical voice, and gaze down upon that angelic face, the glorious eyes of which, in the moonlight, seemed seraphically bright.

The countess now entered, when the youthful shell gatherer embarrassed would have fled. But innocent of all evil, and having been aforetime suffered by the countess to come into the castle to ask after Agnes, he checked the impulse and remained.

"So, Philip, you are not content with seeing Agnes by day, but you must come by night."

"I came, lady, to tell her good-by. I am going away." This was spoken sadly but with decision.

"Whither? not out of the country, I trust," said the countess, smiling at his manner.

"I am going to London, lady!"

"And why there?"

"To seek my fortune. I am done with shell-gathering, since Agnes can see and admire them no more."

"But I can feel their shape and smoothness, Philip," she said, pleasantly; "and you can tell me all about the beautiful tints."

"I am resolved to go!"

"And leave your old father?"

"He is not my father. He found me on a wreck at sea! This I have been told by him. He consents that I may go; for he hopes I may find my parents."

"Have you any clue?"

"Only a silver cup and an iron-rimmed compass which were taken by him from the wreck."

"And how will these aid you?"

"They have initial letters, and the compass the maker's name and number. I hope to learn by them what ship was wrecked, and then who were the passengers. My father, that is George, says I shall find the record in the port it sailed from, and if I can only discover what ship the compass was sold to, or what person the silver cup was sold to. It bears the maker's stamp, and was made in the Strand in London."

"These may indeed aid you; and I trust they will. But you go on a forlorn hope: yet you may find employment, and yet do well in London," added the countess, who felt disposed to encourage the departure of one who was evidently too deeply interested in Agnes for his own or her happiness.

"Good-by, Lady Agnes!" said Philip, now taking her hand. "Forgive me your blindness! I shall not return until—"

Here his emotions overcame his voice, and touching his cap to the countess he vanished in the shadow of the buttress, and the next moment letting himself down by the ring on the wall by which he had ascended, he was soon rapidly moving across the moonlit lane, towards the king's highway, which wound through the ancient forest, surrounding the castle.

After he had thus suddenly taken his leave, the countess approaching Agnes, took her hand and found her weeping, great drops of tears chasing one another down her cheeks.

"What, my child! tears for a peasant boy!" said the countess, smiling, and gently wiping them away.

"Mother, he is more than a peasant boy! He is so noble, so frank, so good, so kind!"

"Yet it becomes you not to think of him again."

"Mother, I have no other occupation, now I am shut out from the beautiful world, but to think of those whose voices are kind. Philip is not the son of a fisherman. He may be well-born, as I believe he is! Yet high or lowborn, he is kind and he loves me, and I cannot but be grateful! Now that I am so helpless, I shall have few to love me; and I must cherish every heart. The blind are often dependent on the attachment and faithfulness of a little dog. Reprove not my tears, dear mother."

"I am rebuked, sweet daughter! I like Philip *almost* as well as you do; and so does my lord think much of him. Have you any idea how he is going to London?"

"On foot, he told me."

"He must have need of gold! I will send a well-filled purse after him."

"Nay, mother, I asked him if he would take from me ten gold pieces; but he looked hurt, and declined them—proudly, too."

"He is above his seeming, evidently. George has well taught him; for I see he is well-accomplished."

"Yes. The old man has many books he picked up in chests from wrecks, and all these Philip says he has read, and that makes him talk like one of better position. I am so sorry he is gone! for he would have been so much company to me," she said, with artlessness.

"It is better he go, child! Better for both of you. Without doubt, he felt it so, and therefore departed. But I have come to ask you, my dear child, if it is your wish to have the old Dame Alice about you? She entreats to be allowed to serve you."

"Then by all means suffer her to come. It will gratify me, for I owe her my life! Have you consented to please me, my dear mother, and go with my lord to Spain?"

"It is a sore question for my heart."

"But the good, noble captain and his lady will be here."

"Yes. To their care I could commit you without anxiety, if I leave you; but—"

"Leave me you must! The earl will have to go, and you must accompany him for his own happiness and your own."

"I will please you, then," answered the countess, with a smile struggling through her tears.

"A thousand thanks, dearest mother!" cried Agnes, embracing her. "Now I shall bear my affliction easier, since it does not involve the happiness of those I love most. Here I shall be happy. You will often write to me, and Dame Alice, my second mother, will read your letters to me."

The next day Dame Alice came to the castle, and applied for admission to see the earl. Her whole appearance was changed. She wore her hair smooth, and a cap above it, neatly tied. Her gown was plain but neat, and her whole air was that of a respectable village matron. The change of costume had produced a corresponding improvement in her face, and she wore a look of dignified repose. Lord Monteagle did not at first recognize her. The countess, who now beheld her for the first time, was prepossessed in her favor. Willing to recognize the debt due to her, as the rescuer of Agnes, they now fully consented to give her the position near her, which she sought, and she was led to her room, and forthwith installed, greatly to her joy, in her new vocation.

The ensuing day, the naval nobleman and his wife arrived at the castle, and the following day, Lord and the Countess of Monteagle took their departure for London—not without a sorrowful parting from the lovely and unfortunate Agnes.

We will now follow the fortunes of the youthful Philip, on his way to seek his fortune, after his departure from Agnes and the castle.

He had left the sea-side home of old George that day with the purpose in view of going to London. The old man had reluctantly given his consent; but he had become so proud of him after his victory on the archery ground that he was willing to indulge him in anything he asked.

"But, my son," said the aged fisherman, "London is far away from hence; and it is a world of wickedness and woe, they tell me, where men know not each other, and no one has a neighbor. Yet I will not keep you here to waste your youth in shell-fishing. I know you are fitted for better things. But you cannot go without money. Here is a purse of gold. Use it with caution, as a man without money in the big world may as well be without eyes! Ah, you groan! You are thinking of the poor child, Lady Agnes. A sad misfortune!"

"And the surgeon, whom I met coming from the castle, and asked about her, yesterday, told me," answered Philip, with emotion, "that she can never see again!"

"A pitiful accident!" said the old man, shaking his white head, sorrowfully. "So fair, and young, and noble!"

"She is so good, and kind, and gentle, and suffers so patiently, that I cannot but weep when I see her."

"She seems to think mightily of you, my boy; and the earl and countess praised you to me till my heart rose right up with joy. But you are not fastening on your pack! You will not go to-day?"

"Yes, dear father. I am ready to go now. But, as I promised, I will send you a letter from London; and you shall often hear how I get on. But you will not forget to write to me once every month how Lady Agnes is."

"I am but a poor hand at pen and ink, lad; but I will send you what news I can."

"Farewell, my dear father! I know not how to thank you for all your kindness to me. If I thought I could not do and serve you better by going away to get riches for you, I would remain. But I hope ere long to return. All our friends at the hamlet have promised me if you get sick, to take the best of care of you; and I will ask the kind Lady Agnes to inquire about you often. Good-by, my dear father! I hope soon to send you good news, for I shall try at once to find who my parents were!"

The parting between this noble young man and the old fisherman who had fostered him from boyhood was touching and affecting. The old man wept on his shoulder, and, giving him a last embrace, commended him to the protection of Heaven.

With his pack slung over his shoulder, Philip left the lowly cabin of his childhood, and took his way to the castle, and there, as we have seen, bidding Agnes adieu, he started on his solitary way, "the world before him all to choose."

His way lay past the church-yard, which stood, solemn and obscure, within the heavy shadow of its overarching yew-trees. He paused a moment, as he passed the porch, to offer up a silent prayer that God would prosper his journey with the success his heart desired. As he moved on, with a lighter spirit, he felt a touch upon his shoulder. He quickly turned, and beheld Dame Alice, not now attired in the wild costume of the weird woman, but in the grave and decent apparel with which we saw her half an hour later present herself at the castle, towards which she was now making her way.

"Young man, whither goest thou, that thou hast need to preface thy journey with a holy prayer to Heaven?" she said, in a kindly voice.

"To London," he answered, regarding her with surprise.

"Thou art Philip, the foster-son of George, the fisherman?"

"Yes."

"I knew thee! I saw thee on the day of the archery sports. Thou wert victor, and didst win the golden arrow; but it cost the eyes of the fairest maiden thine own eyes ever beheld!"

"I would willingly lose my own to restore hers!" answered Philip, earnestly.

"Thou wert not to blame! It was the fierce wrath of the Lord Cranstown which did the deed of guilt. His day will come! I saw all, and understand it all. Thou wert his successful rival, not only in the lists but in love."

"I do not know what you say, woman," answered Philip, blushing, yet with instinctive and happy consciousness.

"Can the eye, the lip, the cheek of him who loves tell tales contrary to the true heart? I watched thee and her. She loves thee, and thou regardest her with a greatness of love that thou darest not own even to thy own soul!"

"I am but an humble person, and I dare not love one like Lady Agnes," answered Philip. "I pity and feel sad for her, and—but—that is, I do not—at least, I *may not* look to her with love! She is to me as yonder fair star hanging in the western sky tremulous in the light of its own beauty. I gaze upon it with wonder and admiration, but I never hope to approach it! So with Lady Agnes. I gaze afar off, content to be far off, so that I may be permitted only to gaze!"

"Thou art not a peasant, young man. This is not the language and the thoughts of a fisherman's son!"

"I am a foundling. I am not his son! He rescued me from the sea—found me a child upon a deserted wreck, and raised me as his son. You speak to me so kindly, you have won my confidence, and so I tell you these facts freely."

"This is strange. Both children of the sea, and both loving one another with all their young hearts' fervor! This is a providence! I must not," she continued, to herself, "cross-purpose Heaven's decrees. Then thou knowest not thy true parentage?" she asked, with deep interest.

"No, mother. A few books, a compass, and a silver cup, are all that were taken from the wreck. She was so deeply sunk in the water, that George could not see her name."

"And that compass! that cup! Have you them?"

"Here, in my pack!"

"Let me see them."

"There is hardly light enough for you to read the names on them."

"Then there are names!"

He placed the cup in her hand. She closely examined it and the stamp of the maker, "Hamel, London."

"I see what takes you up to London. You seek your parentage by these."

"Yes, but—not only this! I have a higher motive—but—but ——"

"Nay, do not hesitate. I am thy friend for Agnes's sake. Wouldst thou make a great name, or hopest thou to find thyself noble, that thou mayst come back and win her?" she said, smiling.

"Not this only!"

"Then what more canst thou have in view? What more beside this?"

"To see if there be not skill on earth, mother," he answered, with startling emphasis and deep feeling manifested in his fine face; "to see if there be not skill on earth to restore sight to her!"

"This is noble and worthy thy nature, young man," cried Alice, warmly regarding him as he stood before her, his whole form dilated, and his bearing elevated by his one great thought. "And this, then, takes you to London!"

"All else is secondary. I thought not of going until she became sightless. At first I could not keep from believing she would soon see. But as week after week her sight remained sealed up, and as the surgeons declare her blind for life, I could not calmly consent to the abandonment of all hope. The surgeon who pronounced her incurable was from Windsor, and served the queen's household; and from his decision the countess said there could be no appeal, for there was no higher authority in the realm!"

"Then what do you hope for?"

"I know not! I must go forward and see what I can do! France has men skilled in the eye, and I will go there! Nay, I have put a vow upon my soul never to rest or cease my search, until I can discover the skill, if it be on earth, that will give her back her sight again!"

"Heaven bless you, my dear youth! This is an angel's mission you are started upon. But you cannot travel from land to land and over sea without gold!"

"I have money'"

"Not much, I fear. Let me see what thou hast!"

"Great store, for a long journey, given me by my foster-father, George."

Here he opened his old leathern purse, and showed her a handful of small gold pieces.

"This is but little, my friend! Wait you here a few moments!"

Thus speaking, she disappeared in the rear of the church, and shortly after came back with a black belt in her hand.

"Take this, and buckle it about your waist, beneath your frock. I have worn it many a year over sea and land. It will do thee good service."

Philip took it as she forced it into his hand. He was surprised at its weight.

"Is this money?" he asked, with amazement.

"Yes. One hundred pounds in golden guineas. And there are in it, besides, many silver crowns. Buckle it about you, and make no words of refusal. It is for Agnes!"

"For her I take it, then, and may blessings follow you, good woman. I know you not, only that you are her friend! If you see her, tell her you met me on my way, and that I sent my humblest homage to her; but betray not for what object I go on my journey! I may fail; and then, if she cherishes hopes, these would perish also!"

"I will keep your secret. Know you that I will give your message to her. I am appointed to be one of her attendants, for now she may never be left alone. I will see that she forgets you not; for I will so speak of you whom she regards, as that she will love me for your sake!"

"I must now proceed on my way, as evening is advancing," said Philip. "Farewell, and may Heaven one day bring me back with one in my company skilled to give her back her sight."

"Be courageous and persevere, and we know not what may come to pass."

Here the young man gave his hand to the woman who had, to his surprise, manifested such interest in Agnes and in his mission, and they moved off different ways, she towards the castle and he into the forest, over which the shadows of night were darkly gathering.

Late in the afternoon on the ninth day after leaving the neighborhood of Castle Monteagle, Philip was slowly threading his way through the streets of London towards the Strand. He was weary and foot-sore, for he had journeyed the whole distance walking, desirous of saving every penny of his hoard for the actual needs of the future. No one regarded the youthful traveller, as he made his way amid the throng on the sidewalks. Every face, every voice, was new and strange. But he pressed on with the one idea—"sight for Agnes"—in his mind! This thought had sustained him through all his fatigues and voluntary privations. This holy purpose gave him strength above his own. He went on towards the Strand, inquiring his way every little while of such civil looking people as he met. His object in seeking the Strand was that there his cup was made; and from often thinking of this name, it seemed to his imagination to be the soul of London. It was

the only name in London he ever heard, and so for the "Strand" he pressed forward. At length he came in sight of the Thames, with its forests of ships, and was soon told he was also in the great street he sought.

Attained his object so far, he began to feel his fatigues, and sat down upon one of the lower steps of a large edifice whereon were seated many women and children with baskets of fruit to sell to passers-by. Like a river full to the flood of living beings the crowd rolled past, the body of the stream flowing one way and an eddy the other. The noise, motion, multitude, novelty and wonderfulness of the scene awed and amazed him. He saw no one speak to another! Thousands passed and met thousands, but he perceived take place no word or nod or look of recognition between any! The universal brotherhood of the race seemed dissolved and no longer recognized!

"And this is the great world of which good old George spoke," he reflected, as he gazed on the vast crowd. "Men in it are isolated, and seem to have no common nature! Doubtless I might perish here and no eye regard me with pity, but with a hurried glance rush on. What is the death of one in such a million! What is a grain of sand dropped from a shell filled with it! But I must seek some lodging for the night, and to-morrow begin my work which I came hither to do."

He rose from the step, and, resuming his walk, came to a narrow alley, a short distance a-down which he saw a sign showing that it was an inn. To the door he made his weary way, and entering a low room neatly kept, with the floor sprinkled with white sand, he laid his pack on a chair, and, exhibiting a half-crown in his hand, asked if he could be accommodated for the night.

"Surely, my good youth," answered the landlady, with a welcome smile in her eyes; "you shall have a nice supper and a good, clean bed. You have travelled far to reach London town, by your looks!" and, regarding with satisfied approbation his fine figure and handsome face, she poured out a tankard of foaming ale, and handed it to him.

Philip felt at once at home, rejoicing that in the great desert of London he had found so delightful an oasis.

CHAPTER VIII.

The morning after his arrival in London, Philip descended to the tap-room of the inn, invigorated by rest and anxious to commence he search upon which his heart was set. It was late in the day, for fatigue had made him sleep long, and he found the good landlady had prepared his breakfast by itself in her own little back parlor. Her kind "good morning," her pleasant smile, and the neat room, made him feel at home.

"Come, sit down and have a nice breakfast, my good man," she said, placing a chair for him. "I'll be bound you are hungry; but you look smarter than you did last night. Here is a mug of best ale, and such white bread as there is not found in every inn in London. Take a slice of this golden butter. It smells sweet of the country dairy."

As Philip ate she watched him attentively, and at length said quickly and confidently:

"You are not what your dress betokens! Neither your looks nor speech nor air are low. What has brought you to London in disguise? I dare guess you are a young lord, run away from some home trouble."

"I am only a fisherman's son, good dame," answered Philip, laughingly. "My dress and my rank quite correspond. I have passed my life in gathering shells and catching fish."

"You look greatly above your condition, not to flatter you. Now, will you tell me what has brought you up to London?" added the hostess, giving him a plateful of beef-steak.

"I am come up to seek my fortune."

"That has brought many a youth to London who has never found it. But I hope you will do well. But you can never live in London by fishing and shell-gathering."

To this Philip assented. The result of this social breakfast was that he told the good woman his whole history; how he had been found at sea, raised by old George, loved Agnes, won the golden arrow, and how she had become blind. He also told her how he was in hopes to find in some country, if not in London, some one skilled to restore her to sight. Moreover, he showed her the silver cup and iron compass.

That the pleasant hostess took a deep interest in his narrative need not be asserted, since she had taken so kind an interest in him for his fine face before she knew it. How potent is personal beauty! How it goes before its possessor and paves the way for good opinion. If Philip had been an ordinary-looking young fisher's lad, he would not have eaten his breakfast in the little private side-room, nor won the favor of the hostess. Beauty of person is power over us. It is a power, like money, over the minds of men. It is a power in itself that commands homage and receives it. Often it is more potent than gold, for it wins its way where gold would fail of success.

"Now, the first thing for you to do, good Philip," said his new friend, the landlady, "is to go into the Strand, round the corner, and find the silversmith who made this cup. I have heard the name, or seen the sign at least. They can, perhaps, tell you who they made it for. This will be a beginning. Here is a Directory will show you where the place is; and also 'Kerr & Kerr's,' where the compass was made. If you can get hold of the first step, you will be able, I doubt not, to trace up to who your father and mother are!"

"I will call and see them first; but my main wish is to consult an eye surgeon. I will go to the greatest in London, and must go to-day. Each moment is precious to Agnes, if so be there is hope left that she may see."

"You are a noble young man! You deserve to succeed; but if the queen's surgeon has pronounced the young lady incurable, have little room for hope. You will be careful and not get lost, and come back before dark."

Philip promised to do as she said, and, leaving his package in her possession, with the cup and compass, which he concluded not to take with him until he had first found the places where the makers kept, he left the inn and mingled with the human current in the Strand.

It was quite three hours before he found the silver warehouse he was in search of. The door was blocked with carriages of the nobility, and many noble dames were within, selecting the most costly and beautiful silver plate that London furnished; for this house possessed the highest reputation, inasmuch as it was patronized by their majesties. Philip, in his poor garb, presented quite a contrast, even to the gay footmen of these titled dames. After some time he found opportunity to ask permission to look at silver cups. The shopman, if he had looked wholly at his dress, would have disregarded his request; but meeting his eye, and feeling the superiority of his look over his own, he moodily obeyed. All that Philip desired was to examine the stamp on the bottom of the cup. It was, he saw with satisfaction, exactly the same as that upon his own which he left in the inn.

This verification filled him with hope; and, shortly leaving the place, he found his way to the compass makers', and verified the stamp upon his own there. He resolved the next day to bring both articles down, for, being numbered by the makers, it was possible that they might know to whom they had sold them, though ten or more years ago.

From the compass makers' he now took his way, by frequent inquiries, towards St. James's Palace, near which he was told by the hostess that the most eminent oculist lived. The discovery of his own parentage was secondary in the mind of this noble youth to the discovery of skill to restore sight to Agnes.

He reached with great difficulty, from his ignorance of the streets, the destination he sought. It was near the close of day when he found the place. Then he nearly failed seeing the great man, who, though not the king's surgeon, was eminent above him for skill in his profession in the eyes of the people. He was just entering his cab.

"Sir, if you please, listen to me one moment," cried Philip, eagerly holding by the side. "I have come all the way to London to see you! There is a noble and beauteous lady become perfectly blind, and ——"

"Go on!" cried the surgeon, sternly, to his coachman.

Here the driver rudely started his horses, and threw the young man violently to the ground. He was not hurt; but, on rising to his feet, the cab was far beyond his reach, and he was hustled hither and thither by the crowd, until, with his disappointment and the Babel confusion around, he became bewildered and escaped from the throng by the first opening he could find. This was a narrow lane, which led to the river side. At the extremity was a sailors' tavern, and upon the bench in front he took a seat, to rest himself and recover his self-possession.

"I will return there to-morrow!" he said, as he reflected upon what had just passed. "He may not have heard me with all the noise! I will go and see him early."

The sight of the river was refreshing to him. He sat and watched the boats and vessels upon it until the growing darkness warned him that it was time for him to return home to his inn. But as he looked about him, he knew not which way to go. There were three streets which met at this point, and he had forgotten which he came down. But recollecting that the Strand was near the river, he resolved to follow the streets parallel with it, until he should come into it. He had not proceeded far before he was lost among the docks and wharves, and finally, unable to tell which way to go, he stepped on board a small boat, to ask two men, who were seated, the way he should take. A waterman himself, he felt confidence in men of like craft, and so hoped to have such directions from them as would enable him to find his way.

He could not see their faces distinctly, as the twilight was deepening. The boat was one of a score that lay in close to the pier-head, and all around rose the dark spars of numerous vessels that crowded so closely together that only a narrow way was left open from the quay into mid-river.

"I say, Ben, this Londoner wants to know how to steer for the Strand," said one of the men who was forward to his shipmate aft.

"Ay, ay! Come aboard, my lad," was the answer, in a gruff voice.

"Can you direct me?" asked Philip, civilly.

"O, that we can, without chart or compass! Take a seat aft here, and we will land you there in the turning of a reel."

"Do you pull that way?"

"We shall be off in ten minutes. Take a seat on that thwart, and you shall have passage free!"

"Thanks; you are very kind," answered Philip, unsuspicious of any evil, but frankly accepting what he believed to be frankly offered. It requires many years of sad experience for youth to learn that men are a sort of beasts of prey, who prey on the weak and ignorant! that man's greatest enemy is man! and that the greatest evils suffered by men are those inflicted by their own species! Youth usually enters upon life with a heart overrunning with confidence, and believes all things; man often goes out of life with a heart sealed against his race, and suspicious of every man.

Philip was soon in easy conversation with his companions; but, finding that it grew darker, and they did not start, he rose up and said he would try and find the way by land.

"No, avast there, comrade," said the elder of the two, lightly laying his hand on his shoulder, and keeping him in his seat. "We only wait for the captain. Here they come now!" he added, as a party of men drew near, walking rapidly. Part of them seemed to be armed, and to be dragging the rest along. They soon came to the boat, but not without noise and a struggle between those who wore swords and those who seemed to be their captives.

"Steady your boat, men, and stand by to receive our prisoners!" cried the leader.

Philip, on seeing and hearing this, took the alarm, and rose to leap again upon the pier. But he was caught by the forward man, and drawn violently back into the boat. But he recovered, and sprang out only to be knocked down senseless with the back of a cutlass; for the men in the boat had cried to those on the pier:

"Seize him! He is our man!"

The press-gang boat, for such was the trap into which Philip had unconsciously walked, having taken on board four men, Philip making the fifth, put off from the pier and rowed out of the dock. Many a muttered oath was sent after it from the decks of the vessels it rowed past, for sailors love not well the sight of this infamous press-gang.

The boat, which was a man-of-war's fourth cutter, having gained the stream, pulled down swiftly through the heart of the parted city, now shooting beneath a bridge, now drawing in shore to avoid vessels, now barely escaping collision with the wherries of watermen. A thousand lights, on both shores, were reflected in the river, and the sounds of the streets filled the air, like a storm roaring through a forest. Voices in all keys reached their ears, from the gruff call of seamen to the startling shriek of a female. Swiftly the cutter kept on her way.

"Who is the lad in the fore-sheets?" asked the lieutenant of the gang, in a cold, unfeeling tone, speaking for the first time since they had left the pier.

"A country youth, sir. Said he was a fisherman. Lost his way, and came to ask us; and we kept him on board!"

"The bounty is fairly yours, lads," he answered, "if he gets over the blow. You strike too hard, Gordon, unless you mean to kill your men."

"He was all but off, sir," answered the man, apologetically.

"Hit less hard next time. The lad is still insensible; but his head bleeds, and he will soon come to."

"Shall I duck him, sir?" asked Gordon.

"No. We shall soon have him board ship! All these fellows fought hard, and the surgeon will have work to do for us. These five will make up our complement of men, and to-morrow we weigh and put to sea."

"May I ask, sir," said one of the pressed men, who had been, with his fellows, hitherto silent, except uttering an occasional oath or groan, "what port you are to sail to?"

"You may ask, my man, but to get an answer is another thing," replied the officer, with a hard laugh.

The cutter was now passing the dark walls of the Tower of London, and, after a quarter of an hour's rowing, drew up alongside of a frigate that was moored in the middle of the Thames.

The captives, some of them earnestly protesting and struggling against being taken on board, were speedily transferred to the ship's decks. Philip remained insensible, and was placed in the care of the surgeon, who had him conveyed to the cockpit.

In an hour after being in his hands, Philip revived, but only to fall into a heavy sleep. The kind surgeon watched over him with humane attention, and at the end of several hours' sleep he awoke with a look of intelligence. He gazed with surprise and wonder about upon the sides of the cockpit, lighted by a lantern, and then inquiringly upon the face of the surgeon's mate, who reported to his chief that he had awaked.

"Where am I? I know not this place! How came I here?" he murmured.

"You are in good hands, my man," answered the surgeon. "You must be quiet, and all will be right at last. Here is a sedative; take it and sleep awhile."

When Philip awoke in the morning, he was perfectly conscious. He was trying to make out where he last was and where he now found himself; but was lost in amazement and conjecture. Suddenly the detonation of heavy cannon shook the ship, and made him leap from the hammock. Peal followed peal, and the noise was overpowering to his hearing. It seemed as if he were in the midst of a roaring volcano.

"Do not be alarmed, shipmate," said an old boatswain, who was lying on his back, sick. "You don't seem to know your reckoning exactly."

"Will you inform me how I came here, and what this all is?" he asked, earnestly.

"You are on board his majesty's frigate, the 'Conqueror.'"

"And how?"

"Pressed! You may take it quietly, and make up your mind to go to Malta in her!"

"It was then a press-boat I must have got on board of," he said to himself. "What am I to do? What do they wish with me?" he demanded of the boatswain.

"To make a sailor of you, and teach you to serve your country!"

"I will die first before I am carried away from England in this way! I have a great work to do! I came to London to—to ——"

"No matter what, my lad! When a man is pressed, he breaks all bonds! Wife, children, parents, friends, count nothing in the scale against the king's service. Have you ever been to sea?" he asked, kindly.

"I was raised a fisherman."

"So much the better. You will take to it kindly. It is enough to break the heart of a proper green-grass landsman, to compel him to serve on board a man-of-war."

"But I must go on shore! The happiness of one of the ——"

"No matter were it your own mother's happiness that is at stake! The king's service is topmost of all. If a man has a heart, he must hide it under his blue jacket when the king's ship has need of him."

"It is a hard fate!" said Philip, with tremulous lips. "Poor Lady Agnes! It is impossible now that I can do anything for you! I may never, never behold you more!"

Tears filled his eyes, and he buried his face in his hands in passionate grief. At this moment he was called to come on deck to be mustered with the other men who had been pressed. On reaching the light of day on the upper deck, he found himself surrounded with large cannon, a numerous crew of man-of-war's-men, and before him were several officers. He could see over the bulwarks only sky and water, for the frigate had long before gained an offing, and was now in mid-channel on her way to Portsmouth, whence she was to take her final departure for the Mediterranean.

About thirty men were arranged in line before the quarter-deck and inspected, their names taken down, ages, and the occupations each had followed. Philip's replies were brief and almost defiant. His face was pale as marble, and the fine outline of his features was more striking than ever. His noble air and handsome face drew the attention of the officers, and he knew that he was the subject of remark.

The third day the frigate anchored in Portsmouth. Here she took on board some troops, and on the second day thereafter weighed anchor. While in port, Philip, who was chafing like a young lion in a cage, under his captivity, made an unsuccessful attempt to escape by swimming from the frigate, but was discovered, taken up by a boat, and put in irons. In this unhappy condition he remained until the frigate had been three days at sea; when he was released, reprimanded, and ordered to go to his duty among the men.

Leaving our hero for a time to his untoward fate, we will now return to the inn in London which he had left in the morning to go in search of the eye-surgeon, from whom he had received so rough a reception. But great men, unless great in benevolence also, do not stoop to regard lowliness in homespun. Doubtless, if a young lord had addressed the man of skill, he would have alighted and listened with his hat in his hand!

When night came and the street lamps were all a-light, yet without bringing her youthful guest home, the good Dame Cresset of "The Arrow" began to feel apprehensions for his safety.

"Who do you look up and down so often for, fair hostess?" said a customer, in a faded military coat, who was taking a can of ale by a little table in the tap-room. "You seem to expect some one."

"Yes, captain, I look for a nice young man, who said he should return long before night. He came in last night from Lincolnshire, and put up at 'The Arrow.' I never took such a liking to a body, he is so handsome and gentle-spoken!"

"Perhaps he had no money to pay his scot, and keeps away altogether! Handsome faces don't often have handsome pockets!"

"You are always thinking evil, captain! The young man not only paid before he went, like a lord, but I have his bundle here, and it contains in it a silver cup worth many a silver crown-piece!"

"Ah, well, that alters the case! What said you his name was?"

"I only know that it is Philip! He went out, he said, to—to ——"

Here Dame Cresset hesitated whether she ought to make the red-nosed captain a confidant of the young stranger's narration. But the captain was an old friend of her deceased husband, a customer of many years standing, and a man of heart and good feeling. He had years ago retired on half-pay, and, as he was a bachelor and loved a quiet place, "The Arrow" became his favorite abiding-place. So, after going again to the inn door, and looking up and down, and sighing heavily, she sat down opposite the captain, and, in a confidential tone, told him all she knew about Philip, and on what errand he had come to London.

"This is an interesting tale, good Cresset," said he, "and I do not feel surprised that you take an interest in him and are anxious for his return. I fear that being a stranger in London he has got lost; or perhaps fallen into the hands of rogues, if he took any money with him."

"That did he! He showed me that he had ten gold pieces in a purse, which he said the old man, his foster-father, gave him when he came away; and he added, that he knew where he could lay his hands on more."

"Be sure, if he does not return to-night, and has not lost himself," said the captain, "that he has been robbed."

"O, I do not wish to think such a dreadful thought!" cried the hostess, with emotion.

"We will hope for the best."

Morning came, and yet Philip had not made his appearance at the inn. Good Dame Cresset had no heart for her breakfast. She feared the worst. She went about quite overcome with her anxieties, and was more than half of a mind to go and search for him! His bundle attracting her eye, she opened it and showed the cup and compass to the captain, who examined them attentively.

"I will go to these manufacturing shops, good dame, and ask if he has been there."

"You are too kind, dear Captain Bodley," she said, with gratitude. "And if you hear nothing of him there, please go to the great eye-surgeon near St. James's Palace—Dr. ——; I forget his name. Find out if he has been seen at either place."

"I wil do it cheerfully, good hostess. I will do my best to hunt him up. But how is he to be described?"

"Tall, about eighteen years of age, straight, and rather dark complexion, with a handsome brown face, and an eye black and piercing. He carries his head well up, and seems to walk as if he feared no man. He was dressed in a snuff-colored frock, bound with a belt buckled round his waist, blue woolsey trowsers, and wore a seal-skin cap. His black hair curled beneath it all about his neck."

"Well, this is a pretty description, dame! I have some curiosity to see him myself. Be sure I will do my best to find him. His history has a sort of romance about it, what with the blind maiden and the silver cup. But what is this?" exclaimed the captain, who, having put on his hat and taken his cane, was looking into the knapsack.

"It is a gold arrow—real gold, as I live!" cried Dame Cresset, taking the arrow in her hand, which the captain had discovered sticking out of the bundle.

"It is heavy enough, and looks pure enough, for true metal," answered the captain, balancing it on his finger.

"How strange he should have this—and gold, too! For my house is the sign of 'The Arrow!'"

"And if you hear no more from him, you will have a sign of gold!"

"Do not talk so, Captain Bodley! I would give fifty crowns in gold rather than not see that nice young man again!"

"Well, I will do my best," answered the half-pay captain, and, bidding her good morning, he proceeded to the Strand and to the silversmith's in search of Philip. Here no one could give any more account of him than that such a youth had asked to see silver cups; and at the compass makers' he obtained information that such a person had been there; but beyond this he could ascertain nothing. Thence he took a cab, and in an hour was at St. James's. Here he learned, from the porter of the surgeon, that a young man answering his description had spoken to the doctor, but had been thrown down by the wheel; but whether he was hurt or not he could not say, nor could he say what became of him.

The captain became by this time deeply interested in knowing the fate of the youthful stranger, and, having commenced the search for him, he resolved to pursue it. He drove to an old-fashioned club-house, where he sometimes resorted, and looked over the papers at the list of casualties the day before, to see if the young man had not been taken to one of the hospitals. But he found no allusion to any accident of the kind named by the porter.

"He was not, then, much hurt," said the captain, musingly. "He must have left the place to try and reach the Arrow Inn, and is lost, doubtless having forgotten its name and the name of the lane it is in."

It was near the close of the day when he returned to the inn and reported his day's efforts to Dame Cresset. The good woman burst into tears, and felt like taking her bonnet and going all over London in search of him; for she felt not only an interest in him, but she felt, as it were, responsible for him, since he had been her guest.

"The only way is to advertise in the Times," said the captain.

"Yes, we will do that at once!" cried the hostess, with a ray of hope brightening up her fair and kindly features. "Write one at once, captain, and I will be at all costs."

"Give me a pen and ink, good dame," answered the captain, putting on his spectacles.

Between them the following advertisement was completed:

"Lost.—Five Guineas Reward.

"A young man, about eighteen years of age, five feet ten inches high, with brown complexion, dark hazel eyes very bright, and black curling hair, left the Arrow Inn on the morning of the 27th, to go to St James's Palace. He was an entire stranger in London; and, as he has not returned, and had considerable money in his purse, it is feared he has met with foul play, or is lost. He wore a snuff-colored Lincolnshire frock, blue kersey trowsers, and a brown seal-skin cap with a visor. He has a proud air, and is gentle-spoken.

"Apply at the Arrow Inn, Bell Lane.

"Dame Crosset."

[To be continued.]

HOW TO BREAK UP A COLD.

Dr. Hall, in his Medical Journal, gives the following directions for breaking up a cold: A bad cold, like measles and mumps, or other similar ailments, will run its course of about ten days, in spite of what may be done for it, unless remedial means are employed within forty-eight hours of its inception. Many a useful life may be spared to be increasingly useful, by *cutting a cold short off*, in the following safe and simple manner. On the first day of taking a cold, there is a very unpleasant sensation of chilliness. The moment you observe this, go to your room, and *stay there;* keep it at such a temperature as will entirely prevent this chilly feeling, even if it requires a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. In addition, put your feet in water, half leg deep, as hot as you can bear it, adding hotter water from time to time, for a quarter of an hour, so that the water shall be hotter when you take your feet out than when you put them in it; then dry them thoroughly, and put on warm, thick woolen stockings, even if it be summer, for summer colds are the most dangerous; and for twenty-four hours eat not an atom of food; but drink as largely as you desire of any kind of warm teas, and, at the end of that time, if not sooner, the cold will be effectually broken, without any medicine whatever.

SETTLING AN ARGUMENT.

Two argumentative characters were one day cruelly boring a third party with a prosy discussion upon the philosophical correctness of Pope's famous axiom, which asserts "whatever is, is right." The debate had been spun to every length imaginable, embracing illustrations, "pro and con," derived from the numerous "ills that flesh is heir to," and the bountifulness of a benignant Providence, when the individual who was patiently listening to the disputants, brought the argument to a close by exclaiming:

"Tom, you say that Pope is correct?"

"Of course, sir," said Tom, glad to find a new contestant in the arena; "and I will show you—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted his interlocutor, "and tell me if 'whatever is, is right,' how came you to have a *left* hand?"

A PULSE INDICATOR.

Professor Prierordt has been exhibting a machine at Frankfort, Germany, to record on paper the beating of the pulse. The arm of the patient is placed in a longitudinal cradle, and screwed down sufficiently to keep it steady. A small erection on one side holds a sort of lever, worked on a hinge, at one end of which a pencil is inserted, the point of which has been dipped in India ink. This goes into a cylinder, upon which paper has been stretched. The lever rests upon the pulse, and at every movement records the action upon the paper. If the pulse is steady, a regular zigzag line is drawn on the paper, but in cases where the pulse is rapid and jerking, the line goes up and down, making long and uneven marks.—*Transcript.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHISPERINGS.

BY JOHN H. BAILEY.

List, list! the rain comes gently down,
Worth more than any kingly crown;
How welcome is the sound and sight—
'Tis Nature's feast—it brings delight!
It makes the fields look green and bright!
While every drop that's pattering,
Seems gladly to be whispering,
That God is near.

List, list! the tide is flowing in;
Be still, and hear its song begin;
Its rippling tones strike on the ear,
Like words of love; tis soft and clear,
And soothes and checks the rising fear;
Myriads of beings in the sands,
Are whispering in social bands,
That God is near.

My heart, my heart is beating fast,
The evening comes, the day is past;
The shades of night are closing round,
Millions of whisperings us surround;
In air, earth, sea, the vast profound!
Which say in grateful strains that move,
Or tell in simple tales of love,
That God is near.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LU CANARY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

IN a most romantic situation, on the banks of the Delaware, lived a happy hearted friend of mine. I think I never saw a more complete impersonation of all the virtues, than Goldenwold. Handsome, talented, witty, wealthy and beloved, he was yet unspotted from the world; having decidedly religious tendencies, and possessing in a mother, in the prime of life and still beautiful, a most angelic guide and preceptor. Frank was an enthusiast in everything pertaining to art, and withal a sincere worshipper of nature. His pets were a greyhound, a tortoise shell cat, a pretty canary that he called Lu, and a handsome, spirited horse, gentle, under control, as a woman, yet "fast" enough to suit the impulsiveness of one and twenty.

But it is of the canary that I have to write. She was a wonderful bird; would come at a whistle to her master and perch upon his finger, besides playing a dozen little antics he had taught her, and singing like a mocking-bird. Frank was extravagantly fond of the little creature, always attending to her wants himself, saving tit-bits from the table, to feed her, and coaxing her as if she were some playful child. I am certain he valued Lu Canary even above the horse, for no one could tempt him to estimate her value. She was, like most of her race, a little creature, an atom of golden gloss, a bit of sunshine, that was most acceptable in stormy weather, and a perfect jubilee of music that seemed to warble because it couldn't help it. Her cage was a fitting shelter for such an epitome of song and beauty, and hung in the gallery among rare pictures and exquisite statuary. A sort of leafy arch was formed in the great bow window, and there, in sight of the blue river and blue sky, the sweet varieties of nature in its leafy world, and sounds such as summer hedges and summer bowers only know, lived Lu Canary.

I had sometimes seen, in my visits to the house, a fragile creature of sixteen, whose light, soft locks, and dreamy eyes, always made me think of heaven. Florence Allen was something less than angel, yet more than woman. Her voice was so low, her manner so quiet, yet bewitching, her smile—unequalled, I was about to say; not so; I have seen one since whose smiles were quite as charming, yet only one. They said she was a drooping flower, hanging from a perished stem. Her mother, her seven lovely sisters, all had died the death of the consumptive; and alas! it was feared death would soon claim her. Could she pass the fatal year in which her sisters met their doom,—seventeen,—all would be well, said the doctors; but whatever was done, should be soon done. She had not yet developed any of the dreaded symptoms; she had no cough, no hectic flush; she passed no restless nights; but there was about her whole appearance that indefinable something that proclaimed an unseen influence at work with the delicate springs of her nature.

Her father worshipped her, and yet he lived so in the dread of losing her daily, that, to divert his mind from the harassing thought, he had plunged deeper and deeper into the excitement of business in a neighboring city, and only paid hurried visits to his lovely child, that were almost more agonizing than pleasurable. Within a year, sweet Florence had remained with Mrs. Goldenwold, who seemed to love her with the affection of a parent; and insensibly, Frank had learned to place his heart upon this perishing beauty—to worship her fervently—with all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature.

There came no warning, but there came death. The rose was picked by the hand of the great reaper; Florence died one summer's morning ere the sun arose—died alone, but the smile on her lips said, not lonely; and when they entered her chamber, unconscious that an angel had rifled the blossom of its sweetest sweets, Lu Canary was singing her morning song, for her cage hung near the door of the sleeper, and the little gifts her pale fingers had placed there the night before, still peeped out from between the silvered wires.

THE FUNERAL.

Frank's anguish was poignant in the extreme. Everything had been lately prepared for a trip to the tropics, and the sweet Florence had sat, night after night, upon the portico, listening to tales about the land of palms and pines, and smiling with childish delight at the thought of seeing these wonders.

The beautiful child-woman lay in the great front parlor, rosebuds about her face, and roses in her hands. The mourners assembled; friends had looked their last upon the face so lovely in repose; the pale pastor lifted his voice in prayer, and in his address, no sooner did the words, "she shall live again," pass his lips, than Lu Canary, who had been all day silent, and moping, as if conscious that desolate hearts beat around her, burst forth into a gush of song so heaven-inspiring, that it brought smiles among the tears, and lifted every thought to the Creator. Louder and louder it swelled, till a perfect triumph soared in every note, and as the coffin was borne out beneath it, one trill of ravishing sweetness exceeded all the rest, and Lu Canary plumed her feathers, and, as if conscious that she had rifled the crushing sorrow of some of its bitterness, settled herself contentedly on her perch.

For weeks, Frank Goldenwood moved about his beautiful grounds, a disconsolate man. I, who had often said, in the anguish of poverty, "who hath made us to differ? and why should one of God's creatures revel in every good gift, taste of all pleasures, and win wealth almost as one would shovel sand, while another must toil on in weariness of spirit, under the ban of poverty," felt rebuked—O, how keenly! as I met my friend and marked his melancholy face.

One day he came to me, and said, as he wrung my hand: "I am going away, Hal, far to the South; for I find I cannot stay here, where everything reminds me of *her*. And none of all these sacred things do I regret leaving but Lu, my canary. I am come to ask you, as a favor, to occupy the house while I am gone, and watch over Lu. *She* loved my bird. Did you ever see her standing so gracefully by the cage, holding within her red lips, sugar or fruit, with which to tempt Lu? You may think strange," he said, after a pause, and with trembling lips, "that I should love a mere child so deeply, but there was something in her that called out the purer, higher affections of my nature. I worshipped at a holy shrine, Hal."

"Could you not take Lu with you?" I suggested, when he was calmer.

"No. It will be as much as I can properly do to care for my mother, who will accompany me, and I do not fear to leave her with you. You know how highly I value her, and you will be careful to supply her wants, and tend her faithfully, for love of me."

I promised, though with many misgivings; for I looked upon the little creature almost superstitiously, as if, without the constant presence of her master, she would droop and die. And so Frank left us for the West Indies.

THE BIRD STOLEN.

I have said that Lu Canary was a wonderful bird. Among other performances she would, when her master threw on a white mantle, which he kept for the purpose, perch upon his shoulder, sing at a sign, and take delicacies from his lips. She would fall lifeless, apparently, allow herself to be rocked, go into a particular corner at a signal, and a variety of other tricks she daily practised, for Frank's amusement. She seemed to love him, and whenever she heard his voice, would stop short in the middle of a song, cock her pretty little head on one side, and flutter about in an ecstacy of expectation till he spoke to her. She would have made a tolerable living for any clever traveller who might exhibit her, and for the love of the bird, many a good meal would have fallen to his share.

Frank's generous offer procured me a comfortable home, for which I was daily thankful. Seated in luxurious easy chairs, by convenient tables, with a wide range of literature among the many hundreds of volumes that graced the well filled library, how could I be otherwise than contented? From the hall opened a conservatory filled with plants and flowers; luxury breathed from every choicely furnished apartment, and as my tastes were studious, and my mood meditative, the very walls, with their delicate tracery of fruits and flowers, with Lu Canary's warbling, were company enough for me.

One night I was startled out of a heavy sleep by what appeared to be the slamming of a window near by. Instantly I sprang up, and lighting a lamp, took a hasty survey of the premises. Nothing seemed to be disturbed, and I resumed my couch and my slumbers. In the morning, as usual, I sauntered out to feed Lu Canary. To my horror, the cage was gone. I never shall forget the feeling that came over me, when I became conscious of the fact, for I really believe I strove to fill the empty void with imagination, trying to persuade myself that the bird was still there.

All that day I could not eat, and at night, dusty, disheartened, and fatigued, for I had been on the tramp all day to see if I could hear any tidings of the lost bird, I sank almost unconscious upon a seat. The next day and the next passed, with like success; weeks came and went, but no tidings of poor little Lu Canary. Rewards were offered—I advertised largely—in vain; and I despaired of seeing the bird again. This loss threw me into a despondency from which I found it impossible to rally. I reasoned with myself—asking again and again how I could help it—and why I should accuse my carelessness, when I had been in reality so cautious? The answer was always the same; she should have been taken at night into your own room.

I was naturally timid of spirit and sensitive to a fault; and the loss of this little juvenile affected me so deeply that I fell sick. My medical attendant advised change of scene; accordingly I filled my carpet-bag and hurried off. I was not quite so ambitious as to shape my course for Italy, neither did I intend to go to France, or seek the quiet of the vineyards on the Rhine; but I determined to wander off in the country, anywhere, to rid myself of my thoughts and the haunting rebukes of my friends. I had been travelling, perhaps a month, when one morning, just as I was about to enter the stage to journey on a contrary route, my attention was attracted by a large poster, with letters as "big as the moon," announcing that some long-named professor would appear that evening with his wonderful trained canary, his singing mice, his learned pig, and several other curiosities.

As for me, my eye could move no further on than the word canary. Not that I thought that this was the man who had stolen the bird I had in charge—with due respect to his hard name, I did not cherish a suspicion of the kind; but something impelled me to draw the foot I had just thrust into the stage out again, to tell the driver I had changed my mind, to go back to the little inn and re-arrange my room, and on that same evening, after a restless day, to wend my way to the town hall, pay my quarter, and take a seat as near the professor as I possibly could.

LU CANARY.

I cannot tell why, but the showman's countenance impressed me unfavorably. I should not say I cannot tell why, for I can; it was a villanous face. A low, narrow forehead, bushy eyebrows, disagreeable small black eyes, an overplus of beard and tobacco stains, and a sheepish cast of the eye, thrown now and then at the audience, as if he suspected some one of playing the spy upon him.

I sat easily through the performance of the learned pig, who, if he had not taken his degrees at some finishing school, certainly ought to have done so (for, like his master, he seemed to know too much), and then came the canary.

My heart leaped to my throat, to use a foolish saying, at the sight of Lu. I was sure it was Lu; there was something about the little creature that *felt* natural, if I may so say. I thought of Frank, of sweet, dead Florence, of the gentle fingers that had caressed those dainty feathers, and the tears came to my eyes. What made it more certain, the thief—I mean the *professor*, apologized for not taking the little thing from the large cage (an ordinary wooden one), in which he had imprisoned her, alleging as a reason that *it had not long been in his possession*. That was enough. I looked at my watch; there wanted yet half an hour to nine. I stole softly from the hall, and when the wily professor stepped over the threshold, it was in the custody of two officers, and on the morrow he languished in durance vile.

THE TRIAL.

Unblushingly, my sham professor denied the charge I brought against him. But that "lurking devil" in his eye, deceived not me; something told me to prosecute my claim, steadily, and Providence would aid me.

"How are you going to identify your bird?" sneered he of the long name; "canaries are all alike," and he grew red in the face and looked at me as if it would relish to eat me.

The justice, a little fat man, very phthisicky, seemed willing to get through with the case in the shortest possible time. He asked me how I could recognize the bird. I turned to the cage; the pretty creature was pecking at the seed-box, and as I stooped to speak to her, she sprang into the water-cup, and sprinkled my face all over with the cool drops. The justice and the prisoner laughed. Notwithstanding, I wiped my face and watched my chance, calling out in a low, soft voice, "Lu Canary, pet, Lu Canary," at which the little thing had often come. She stopped, turned her head with a knowing manner, and hopped to the end of the cage where I stood.

"Can I have a white cloth—a sheet, or anything perfectly white?" I asked, and was soon supplied with a long towel, neither as white nor clean as I could have desired, yet it could, I thought, answer the purpose.

"Now," I said, turning to the phthisicky justice, enveloped in the cloth, toga fashion, "if the bird at my call should come out and perch on my shoulder, will it satisfy you that it is my property?"

"The shoulder or the bird?" sneered the showman.

I gave him a glance of contempt, while the little justice wheezed out that he thought that would be sufficient proof, as birds were generally timid at sight of white objects, and that if it answered the gentleman's call, it must have been trained by him.

I closed the doors and windows, and the professor, at my request, opened the cage; the bird flew back from the entrance. I, placing myself before it, called softly, as before "Lu—Lu Canary!" and the little creature, after repeated bobbings and boppings, at last, sprang on the edge of the cage, looked about—at me, gave another little spring, and alighting on my shoulder, began pecking at my lips.

O, triumph more glorious than that the conqueror feels, for me! O, humiliation more complete than the conquered know, for him! The bird was mine again. The cage—no matter for that. I bought an old-fashioned concern that hung empty at the inn, and carried Lu Canary back to my friend's beautiful cottage. Then what ecstacy to watch it in its old accustomed place, to hear its trilling songs, which never, never sounded as sweetly before. "This time," I said, "beautiful creature, thou shalt sleep in my own chamber; I will watch thee always, that no envious eye shall covet thee; thou shalt be part and parcel of myself, sweet Lu Canary." I did not dream we should be separated again.

ANOTHER MISFORTUNE.

Not yet were my sorrows ended. One particularly bright day in early summer, how well I remember it! I was feeding Lu Canary. The door of the cage stood wide open; I turned my head for some slight cause—I do not recollect now—when, quick as the flash of the lightning, the feeble bird flew out, and not only out, but off. I clasped my hands in despair, and grew almost furious. High perched upon a stately elm, I saw the pet-bird singing, in very wantonness of delight. I could sincerely have rejoiced in its liberty, had it been my own; but my friend! it was agonizing to think of it for his sake. I am sure the servants laughed at my frantic endeavors, and the good old housekeeper, excellent Job's comforter that she was, consoled me by saying that "it was just so with some people. Whatever they took in hand didn't come to nothing. If they set out plants, they always died; if they kept birds, they always flew off—'twant no use trying to fight against fate. As to Mr. Frank, she expected he *would* be tearing; she was sure *she* should be; however, I wasn't to blame." And thus mingling condolence with reproof, she took her way to the pantry.

All the servants, neighbors and children on the premises, according to their several statements, were on the look out for Lu Canary; but the wilful lady kept herself in some secluded haunts, for weeks passed, and I had given up all hopes of hearing from the little thing again.

THE VISITORS.

There hung the empty cage, and there sat I, disconsolately looking at it, one morning, wishing that the bird had only been stolen and the cage too, when, with great noise and bustle, a carriage drove up to the lawn, and I saw two ladies, one an elderly person, descend to the ground, and leisurely walk up to the entrance. Presently came Bob, the porter, with trunks and boxes and valises, which were duly deposited. I, betwixt my trouble and bewilderment, looked, I expect, foolish enough. I had just sense sufficient to perceive a very handsome brunette, with flashing, laughing black eyes, that might at any other time have done considerable execution; long, glossy rings of hair, bright, red cheeks, and a general agreeableness of expression, who introduced herself in a very taking, off-hand way, as Bell Medford, Frank Goldenwold's cousin. "You are the friend of his, I presume," she added, "that I have heard him speak of, and—O," she exclaimed, with a start and sudden upward glance, "where is Lu—where *is* Lu Canary?"

With burning cheeks, I told the story; she was too well bred to make any disagreeable comments, but I fancied her face said, "I wouldn't be you when Frank comes." Perceiving the motherly old housekeeper, she ran to receive her welcome, and the mother and daughter were conducted to their room. These I supposed were the relatives who always spent the summer with Frank's mother. I remembered that Frank had once laughingly said, that he was quite sure Bell would like me, because, as he was pleased to add, there was a strong likeness between Byron and myself "especially," he would say, roguishly, "as you are a poet, and melancholy enough to suit the mother of despair."

However, my thoughts were too full of the lost Lu Canary, to cherish such sentimental nonsense; and I am certain that my sprightly and beautiful companion took more than ordinary pains to win me from my moodiness, but I would not be comforted, and at last she grew silent, too.

"I think you have mourned for that bird long enough," she said, one day, when, for the fiftieth time, I had "rolled my eyes in fine frenzy;" not that the machinery of poetry was at work, but to see if I might not possibly catch one glimpse of poor Lu Canary.

"I don't see as it does much good, surely," I replied, absently fixing my eyes upon her speaking face.

Why, I knew not, but she blushed and bit her lip, as her glances sought the ground.

"Frank will be home next week, I expect," she resumed, after a few moments; "do you suppose he'll bring a new lady love with him?"

I remembered the little grave of Florence, with its violet-grown mound, and said that I thought not.

"Men are proverbially fickle," she replied, "much more so than women;" and she gave her pretty shoulders a little shrug, then saying it was chilly, threw a white crape shawl gracefully over her neck, and intently studied a colored engraving. For the first time since she had been there, I waked up to a sense of her great beauty. Her attitude was so charming, and the thick ringlets fell over her polished arm, while her long dark lashes drooped bewitchingly on her cheek.

I sat with my back to the window, which led out on the lawn from the gallery, and which I had just shut, as she complained of the cool air that blew across the river. Had she looked up, she would have been directly facing me; but for some reason, she kept her eyes resolutely down. As I sat there, I saw,—it was no vision, yet I held my breath for fear it might be,—Lu Canary fly in at the east window, and coquettishly dance from object to object. Fortunately, Bob, the porter, who was passing outside, noticed her entrance, and grinningly he closed every window, and flourished his arms with delight.

I did not move nor speak, scarcely breathe, until the wilful lady-bird perched silently on a fold of Bell's white crape shawl; then I exclaimed, exultingly:

"Ah! beautiful creature, I have you now; you are mine!"

The dark eyes of Bell, flashing an instant surprise, were suddenly raised to mine; her cheek all glowing, her lips parted.

"Keep perfectly still, Miss Bell," I said, softly, "Lu Canary is perched upon your shoulder, and I think she will, in a moment, fly to her cage."

"O," she returned, with a yet deeper blush, "I thought—I mean, I could not think—" She was silent, and bent nearer to the picture.

At that moment, a new feeling entered my heart. I saw how blind I had been. Lu Canary had nearly rifled me of a sweet emotion; but she, also, was the cause of kindling a flame that has burned steadily ever since.

The little pet returned to her cage, and I, shutting her up, a willing prisoner, hastened to supply her wants.

"I think," said Miss Bell, archly, "I must take care of Lu Canary, for the future; students are too absent minded for birds or pets of any kind."

"Willingly," I replied, "I will resign my charge into your hands, only"—and I ventured for once to look straight in her beautiful eyes—"I ask the privilege of taking care of its mistress at some future day."

Her hand had some way found mine, and they were clasped together. She gave a blushing, laughing reply; but I was satisfied, and from that day became a rightly ambitious man, working for her sake, well repaid by her glowing smiles, and gentle, approving words.

THE END.

Frank returned, as Bell had predicted, the ensuing week. He had grown into a sedate man, thoughtful beyond his years, and entirely disposed to devote himself to the ministry. I do not think he ever forgot sweet Florence, and it was many years before he married. I pursued my profession steadily, and was soon settled in a thriving village, physician in chief. Bell became my wife, and I think you cannot find a happier couple, search the wide world through.

Lu Canary still sings in her golden cage, and Frank yet pronounces her priceless. Whether he thinks quite as much of Lu Canary, since baby Minnie has nestled on the fair bosom of his young wife, I have yet to learn. Judging by the intensity of my own love for a rosy-cheeked boy in the arms of Bell, at this moment, I should think not.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

Five or six years ago, a rich Louisiana planter died, leaving an only heir, a daughter, who was not quite seventeen years old. She, together with her fortune, was placed in the charge of a guardian, who was distantly related to the family. Her fortune and her beauty attracted the attention of many suitors, among whom was an accomplished young man from St. Louis, whose only wealth was his profession. His handsome person and fascinating manners won the lady's affections, and without the knowledge of her guardian, they were privately married. Shortly after, they moved to St. Louis, where they lived together happily for some time, and a bright future seemed to be before them. At the expiration of a year, the lady having attained her majority, they returned to New Orleans to claim her fortune and live in the splendid old mansion. They were coldly received by the occupant, who deliberately informed them that the estate had passed into other hands. They at once applied to the law for redress, and going through the protracted formalities of two or three suits, they were left penniless, and obliged to abandon the case. Friendless and dispirited, they returned to St. Louis, where the husband, like many other husbands, tried to drown the remembrance of his disappointment in the fatal cup. His wife entreated and admonished in vain. A separation was the consequence, and the husband became more reckless and dissipated than ever. Driven at last to desperation, the wife applied for a divorce, obtained it, and retired to a convent. This restored the wretched man to his senses; he abandoned his former associates, returned to the paths of virtue, and became an industrious and respectable citizen. A few months ago, the lady received a letter from the son of her guardian, informing her of his father's death, of his inheritance of the estate, and of his determination to make a full restoration, closing with an appeal to her to forgive his misguided parent, and to come to New Orleans and enjoy her fortune. She at once complied with the generous request; and all her inheritance, together with the accumulated interest, was restored to her.

Now comes the strangest part of this most extraordinary affair. The young man offered her his hand in marriage, and plead with all the earnestness of impassioned love. He reminded her of all their childish attachment, of her deep anguish when she became the wife of another, of the long years of his silent sorrow. All these remembrances came up before her mind, and gratitude plead eloquently in his favor; but at last the wife triumphed over the woman. She thanked him and gave him her simple blessing; told him that she had loved but one, and could never love another, and entreated him to take back all her fortune, and permit her to return to the convent. Finding her resolution unalterable, the young man consented on condition that she would postpone her return for one month. He immediately wrote to the former husband, who was ignorant of what had transpired, offering him a first rate situation, on condition that he would come immediately. The letter was signed by the principal of a well-known firm, who was apprised of every circumstance in the case. As soon as the letter came to hand, the overjoyed recipient took passage for New Orleans. He presented himself at the place designated in the letter, and at once made himself known by showing his credentials. He was conducted to the residence of the generous heir, where he was informed the writer of the letter waited to receive him. His name was announced, and he was conducted into an elegant parlor, and there, alone, he met the woman whom he had neglected and dishonored—the woman who had been forced to leave him, but who would not quite give him up.

A few days afterward, the city newspapers announced the marriage of Mr. —— and Mrs. ——. The estate was restored to the lawful owners, and the reconciled couple, made wiser and better by adversity, are now living happily together. It is good to turn sometimes from the cares and turmoils of politics, and contemplate human nature rising up from the depths of misery and despair, casting aside selfishness, and reaching that standard of purity and happiness which few attain to.—*Cleveland Leader.*

ETIQUETTE.

The Yankee, out West, who wrote home to his mother that he had seen a live Hoosier, has sent her another epistle on Western etiquette. Here it is: "Western people go to their death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies, as you can down east, without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling one of his neighbors, in my hearing, a pretty large story. Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper.' Says he, 'Stranger, lay there!' and in a twinkle of an eye, I found myself in a ditch, a perfect quadruped, the worse for tear and wear. Upon another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed him, 'That isn't a specimen of your western women, is it?' Says he, 'you're afraid of the fever and ague, stranger, aint you?' 'Very much,' says I. 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols,' which he held cocked in his hands, 'shall cure you of the disorder entirely—so don't fear, stranger!" So I knelt down and apologized. I admire the western country much, but hang me if I can stand so much etiquette."—*Western paper.*

COMMON BLUNDERS.

Errors of the tongue, oft repeated, become permanent faults of language. May we call the attention of the reader to a few blunders, every day made, both in speaking and reading. "If I am not mistaken," should be, "If I mistake not," and "You are mistaken," should be, "You mistake." "A new pair of boots," means "A pair of new boots." "The then Mrs. B——," should be, "The Mrs. B—— then living." "A couple of pounds," should be, "Two pounds," for a couple implies union. "Direct to me," should be, "Address to me." "He lives at London," should be, "He lives in London."—*Boston Post.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SHADE AND SHEEN.

BY EVELINA M. P., BENJAMIN.

Not a voice on the shore, not a sound on the lake,
Save the bittern's cry from yon tufted brake;
While murky cloud was piled on cloud,
And a sullen gloom did all nature shroud.

But the gloom on my soul better chimed with the scene,
Than if sparkled the lake in the sun's golden sheen;
Thus it seemed, when I gazed not long ago;
Now the ripples smile in the sun's warm glow.

The trees on the brink form a vaulted roof,
Whence the sunbeams are fain to keep aloof;
Though a truant ray will sometimes rest
Like a fallen star on the knoll's green breast.

The lily is swinging its bells mid the sedge,
And the wild ivy mantles each rocky ledge;
While laughter and song seem of light hearts to tell,
And waken sweet echoes in cave and in dell.

Joy! that shadows will pass from the sky and the soul,
Or we'd wearily tread till we reached life's goal;
Then, mourner, be hopeful—when darkest the day,
A sunburst of gladness will beam on thy way.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PAGE'S REVENGE.

BY FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.

It was in the year 1418, while France, torn by civil strife between the Armagnacs on the one side, and the adherents of the Duke of Burgundy on the other—and half overrun by the invading army of Henry—seemed upon the point of becoming a tributary province of England, that the young Dauphin Charles, accompanied by the faithful Tanneguy, and a few trusty adherents, cautiously quitted the Bastile, and took the road leading to the bridge of Charenton, crossing which, they followed the right bank of the Seine with all the speed of which their horses were capable; but without exchanging a word, or lifting a visor, until after nearly eight hours' travelling they arrived in front of the walled city of Melun, over which floated the white flag of the Armagnacs.

It was here that Charles raised his standard and prepared for that series of triumphs which gained for him the surname of "The Victorious." The proclamation which he issued, calling upon the people of France to rally for the defence of their country, was the signal for the greater part of the younger knights and nobles to join him in what seemed a desperate enterprise, while the older and less sanguine still adhered to the Duke of Burgundy, despite his wavering, not to say treacherous, policy, which eventually resulted in the surrender of Rouen, and the greater part of Guyenne and Normandy, and finally in his own assassination by Tanneguy and Robert de Loire upon the bridge of Monterau.

Among the first to enroll themselves under the banner of Charles, was the young Count de Auville, who, though young in years, had already received the honor of knighthood, and in several engagements with the English proved himself to be worthy of it. Becoming disgusted with the policy of the Duke of Burgundy, under whom he had served, he quitted the army some six months previous to the rising of the dauphin, and on his return homeward stopped at the chateau of his uncle, the Chevalier Duchatel, who yet remained with the duke.

The chateau, or more properly the castle of Criel, in the absence of the chevalier, was occupied only by his wife and daughter, the beautiful Caroline Duchatel, and a small party of men-at-arms to protect the place from violence. Here he remained month after month, fascinated by the beauty and gentleness of Caroline, hearing little of what was passing in the world without, and caring still less; so absorbed was he in the passionate love he had conceived for his cousin, that little short of a miracle seemed necessary to divert his mind from the object of his affection.

True, he had never spoken to her of love, nor had any word of hers given him to understand that his feelings were reciprocated; but the thou sand-and-one indescribable trifles, known to all lovers, which mean nothing, and yet "speak so sweetly and so well," led to a perfect understanding between them. Indeed, he is but a poor lover, and unworthy of being loved, who requires to be constantly assured of it in so many words.

In a dream of bliss passed a half year, when he was suddenly aroused to a sense of the realities of life by the proclamation of the dauphin, and following close upon this, intelligence of the fall of Rouen, and the capitulation of all the fortified places of Normandy. All this might have been prevented had the Duke of Burgundy seen fit to exert himself in the least, but from some inexplicable cause, he remained inactive, thereby allowing the very postern by which Paris could be entered, to fall into the hands of the enemy.

This event awoke a terrible echo throughout France, and the nation began to arouse from the apathy into which it had fallen; that which before seemed only a party—or, at most, a national question—was now appreciated by every man, and felt to be a matter in which he had a direct personal interest.

To such a man as the Count Pierre de Auville, the news was indeed startling; the only representative of an ancient and honored name, and the possessor of a magnificent inheritance, his country required something more of him than to be dallying with maidens, however lovely. The path of duty for him lay direct from the castle of Criel to the camp of the dauphin, and he felt the necessity of following it; but then to part from Caroline was to part from heaven. It seemed as if he had never loved her half so well as now, and an indescribable fear took possession of him, that if he left her now, he left her forever. The struggle in his own mind was short, but severe. In the days of chivalry, when duty and love came in conflict, duty, with a true knight, took precedence of love—or rather they went hand in hand, but duty always in advance.

A party of stout men-at-arms were putting on their armor, or adjusting the harnesses of their horses in the court-yard of the castle, as the Count de Auville issued from the gate and placed his foot in the stirrup, as if to mount, when, after a moment's hesitation, he turned hastily, re-entered the castle, and bounding up the broad stairway, entered the hall.

The Lady Caroline was reclining upon a rich sofa of crimson velvet, and as he approached, unperceived, saw that she was weeping.

"Carrie—darling," said he, gently placing his hand upon her head, "are those tears for me?"

The lady started, she had not anticipated his return, and smiling through her tears, looked up into his face as he bent fondly over her.

"Why should I not weep, Pierre, when you are going so far away?—and amid war and danger, I tremble to think of what may befall you! But why did you return?" she added, playfully. "And a good knight should never turn back."

"You must have no fears for me, Carrie. A lady should believe her knight invincible, you know. But I will tell you why I returned. True love is always jealous, and I wish to exact a promise that until I return, you will not see your cousin, the Count de la Hire. I greatly fear that, relying upon the promise which your father thoughtlessly made while you were both children, he will press his suit for your hand with more ardor than I should care to have him exhibit—particularly while I am absent."

"You need have no anxiety upon that subject, Pierre. I most cordially detest my cousin. I verily believe he was sent into the world expressly to be hated. If I disliked him before I knew you, I think there is very little cause for you to fear him as a rival now; and upon my father's return, I will give him no peace until he retracts the promise made to the old Count Lottire."

"And now one thing more," said De Auville, drawing her caressingly towards him; "exchange miniatures that I may have a talisman to protect me in my hour of peril; and to render the charm infallible, add one of those glossy tresses, though it seems almost cruel to make even a thing inanimate share my exile from you. You will not forget me, Carrie," he continued, taking her soft, white hand in his.

"No, Pierre," she replied, "I will not forget you—or rather I will not upon one condition, that you will not entertain an idea that I *can* forget. Let this be a pledge—when I cease to think constantly of you, I will return the miniature, and not till then."

A few more words of endearment, a fond embrace, and Pierre, turning himself from the spot where he had enjoyed so much real happiness, mounted his horse, and followed by his retainers, rode rapidly from the castle, and took the road to the camp of the dauphin.

Little did they imagine who had been a witness of this tender scene! Concealed behind a fold of tapestry stood a tall, dark man, whose stern, forbidding countenance was flushed with anger as he eagerly listened to every word, and watched every movement of the lovers.

This man was the Count de la Hire, who arrived at the castle, and finding the court-yard filled with soldiers, entered unperceived; and in passing the hall, being attracted by the sound of voices, stopped to listen to that, which, judging from the expression of his countenance, was far from pleasant.

"So," he muttered, between his clenched teeth, as he left his place of concealment, "so this young popinjay thinks to deprive me of this goodly castle, these broad acres, and the fair lady, also—though 'tis little I care for her, except that only by her becoming my wife can I hope to be the possessor of this fair estate. Ha! she detests me, does she! She thinks I was born to be hated! Well, she shall have cause—she shall have cause!"

And entering the court-yard, he ordered the gate to be closed, the draw-bridge raised, and that no one should have admittance, except they came in the name of the Count de la Hire.

"And who may you be, sir knight, to order so loudly in my lord's castle?" inquired a handsome, gaily-dressed youth, who stood leaning against one of the abutments.

"Your master, slave," answered the count, striking him so violently with his clenched hand that it sent him reeling to the ground. "Let that teach you to select your words with more care."

If the count could have seen the look of revengeful hate with which the youth regarded him as he wiped the blood from his face, he would have kept a wary eye upon him; but he was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice one so insignificant as the page.

The Count de la Hire was the son of an old brother-in-arms of the Chevalier Duchatel, and some seven years the senior of the Lady Caroline, to whom, as was the custom of the time, he had been betrothed while she was yet an infant, the parents hoping to cement the friendship existing between them by a union of the two families.

The young count early succeeded to the title and estate of his father, who died soon after the contract was concluded; but he inherited none of the noble and generous qualities which won for the old count the respect and esteem of all who knew him. On the contrary, as he approached manhood, the permanent traits of his character showed themselves to be, grasping avarice and inordinate selfishness, to gratify which he spared neither the feelings nor rights of others.

Up to the time in which we have seen him playing the spy upon the lovers in the hall of the castle, he had visited Criel but once—always considering that by virtue of the betrothal, he could claim his bride at any moment, and consequently become possessed of the castle and domain, he had thought it useless to waste time in so frivolous an occupation as wooing, or for the present to burden himself with a wife. This state of things might have continued for a considerable period, had he not been roused to a sense of danger of losing the estate altogether by intelligence of the death of the Chevalier Duchatel, who fell gallantly fighting at the head of his column in a sortie from the besieged city of Rouen. He therefore at once set off for the castle of Criel, where he arrived just in time to overhear, what he considered, an iniquitous conspiracy to defraud him of his just rights.

With characteristic brutality, he announced to the Lady Caroline and her mother, the death of the chevalier, and at the same time informed them that he should take possession of the castle until his marriage with Caroline, which, he further informed them, should positively take place at the expiration of three months.

It was in vain they alternately threatened and entreated, in vain Caroline assured him that her heart was irrevocably given to another, that she could never love him. With a coarse laugh he told her she could act her own pleasure in that respect, as it made no difference to him whether she loved him or not. Their entreaties had no more effect upon him than moonbeams upon ice; and for threats, he could laugh at them. In the unsettled state of the country, even the highest nobles might seek in vain for justice, and what aid could two defenceless women expect? Their only hope, and his only fear, was from the Count de Auville, and he consequently took good care that no communication should pass to him from the castle; and the frequent messages which arrived for Caroline, reached no further than his hands. But he had arranged a plan effectually to remove all apprehension of danger from that quarter. His knowledge of what transpired at their last interview, was a powerful weapon against the lovers, and he did not scruple to use it.

Two months passed without bringing any change of these unpleasant circumstances, when one morning, the Lady Caroline on looking for De Auville's miniature, found the casket empty. There could be little doubt whose hand had robbed her of the cherished souvenir, and she at once requested an interview with La Hire, and indignantly demanded its restoration.

"My dear madame," answered the count, in a tone of ironical politeness. "I had intended to inform you earlier as to the disappearance of the picture, but other duties drove it from my mind; not wishing to disturb your rest last night, I took the liberty of removing it without consulting you, but when you learn that it was only taken for the purpose of restoring it to our mutual friend and cousin, the Count de Auville, you will probably excuse the act."

"What do you say? returned to the Count de Auville?" exclaimed Caroline, the remembrance of the pledge she had given on receiving the picture, flashing into her mind.

"I say," continued the count, "De Auville rightly judging that you no longer cared to retain the miniature—as you are so soon to bestow your hand upon me, was anxious to have it returned, that he might send it as a souvenir to his bereaved parents—surely, a lady of your gentle and affectionate nature could not refuse so simple a request to a man, who, like him, was laying desperately wounded upon the field of battle."

"Wounded! Is Pierre wounded? You don't mean that—"

"I do not say that he is wounded. I say he *was* wounded—he has probably expired ere this."

"O, it is not so!" exclaimed Caroline, in accents of despair, sinking upon a sofa behind her, and covering her face with her hands—"it is not so!"

"It is, madame," returned the count, coldly.

"Who saw him?"

"I saw him."

"You! You saw him, and did not take me to him? Where is he? I will go to him now; where?" but the count was gone.

With frantic eagerness she flew from one to another of the people employed about the castle, in the hope that the story would be contradicted, but they were all creatures of the count, and well instructed in their part—the answer of each only served to confirm the worst.

Whether that which the count had told her was true or not, she knew that he would make such use of the miniature as to prevent De Auville coming to the castle, and the day appointed for the hated marriage was fast approaching—she well knew that La Hire would have no difficulty in finding a priest to perform the ceremony with or without her consent, and the fact of the betrothment would render it binding.

In the meantime, De Auville, with a light and happy heart, repaired to the camp of the dauphin—received with distinguished favor, and at once placed high in command; all things seemed to point out a future sufficiently glorious to gratify the ambition of any young soldier—but his thoughts were ever with Caroline—his advancement seemed of value only because it might please her—every success over the enemy was only a step nearer the realization of his wishes—such a thing as a doubt of her constancy never entered his thoughts—he did wonder that no answer was returned to his frequent messages, but love instantly framed excuses—the difficulty of finding a messenger, and the dangerous condition of the roads—which were infested with predatory bands of the English, easily accounted for their non-arrival.

While in this state of happy confidence, and little imagining the actual state of affairs, a package was placed in his hands by a soldier, who, after assuring himself that it had been delivered to the right person, instantly disappeared.

With trembling hand and palpitating heart—for he recognized the seal as that of Duchatel, he opened the missive. When, what was his consternation at beholding his own miniature and a note from Caroline, to this effect—that having calmly reconsidered the matter, she wished to withdraw the promise, which in a moment of passion she had made him, as it was her determination, as well as her wish, to comply with the expressed desire of her father—now no more, and become the wife of the Count de La Hire, and, trusting that he, like herself, had already recovered from the effect of a transient fancy, which only required a short separation to terminate.

De Auville reeled as if struck with a blow; he could not realize his bereavement—he read the convincing proof of her inconstancy, again and again, until the conviction slowly forced itself upon him.

The change which this death blow to his hopes produced on him, was apparent to all, and the subject of remark with his comrades—no longer the light and joyous being, the life of the camp, whose merry laugh and gloom dispelling humor could cheer the hearts of the most desponding—but stern and morose, he plunged into the thickest of the fight, with a recklessness that surprised his friends and appalled his foes; he exposed his life upon every occasion, seeking death, which rarely comes to those who have cause to desire its presence.

The army of the dauphin had now advanced to within a few leagues of the castle of Criel, which Charles proposed to make his head quarters for a time; a march of three days would bring them beneath its walls.

The Count de Auville, not wishing to increase his unhappiness by again beholding those familiar scenes, solicited and obtained permission to retire to his own home, until the army should advance nearer the main force of the enemy—he rode from the camp as the evening was closing in, and turned his horse's head homeward; he had not proceeded far, when he was accosted by a young man, mounted and attired like a page.

"Count de Auville," said the youth, "I have a favor to ask of you."

"Then you are like to be disappointed my friend," said De Auville. "I am fitter to ask than to grant favors, but say, what is it you would have of me?"

"Revenge!" answered the youth.

"Revenge! and on whom?"

"The Count de La Hire."

"The Count de La Hire! my kinsman? you have mistaken the person to whom you apply for revenge."

"I have not mistaken," continued the youth. "I do not ask you to revenge my wrong, but your own and that of the Lady Caroline, and by so doing, the blow which yet burns upon my cheek, will be repaid."

"The Lady Caroline! What wrong? what know you of her?"

"This: while you refuse to grant me revenge, she, by this same Count de La Hire, is imprisoned in her own castle—her letters intercepted, and forged ones made to supply their place; that she believes you dead, and that to-morrow she will be forced into a detested marriage; that is all."

De Auville answered not a word, but turning in the opposite direction from that which he had been pursuing, drove his spurs into his horse's flank and started off like the wind.

"Hold, hold, sir count," exclaimed the youth, with difficulty keeping pace with the impatient lover. "Where are you going?"

"Where should I go—to the castle of Criel."

"Then all is lost; you will neither revenge me, nor save the Lady Caroline. Do you think," he continued, when the count had slackened his speed, "do you think, alone and unaided, to take a castle which would withstand a siege of an army?"

"Is the castle so well defended—then indeed all is lost—the marriage to take place to-morrow, do you say?"

"Ay, to-morrow; and if you are wise and follow my guidance, you may be present: but attempt force, and the whole army of the dauphin cannot reduce the place in three months."

"What, then, do you propose?" inquired De Auville, eagerly.

"I propose that to-morrow night at nine, yourself, with fifty trusty men shall be concealed in the wood to the west of the castle, and near the postern, of which I have the keys, and through which you may enter; the castle, taken by surprise, you can easily overpower the count's followers, although twice that number."

"And the marriage—"

"Is to take place at ten."

"It is well; I shall be there."

The night of the marriage had arrived; the hall of the castle was brilliantly illuminated, and with its gorgeous tapestry, and rich furniture, looked a scene of fairy magnificence, but though prepared apparently for a festive occasion, only groups of stern, dark-visaged men occupied the room usually enlivened by the presence of lovely women; at the upper extremity of the hall, a sort of temporary altar had been erected, and beside it stood a priest, whose sinister countenance betokened his aptitude for the service required of him. The Count de La Hire was pacing impatiently up and down the apartment, occasionally giving vent to some exclamation of anger.

"Go tell the Lady Caroline, I shall wait no longer," said he, turning to a page, who stood near.

"The Lady Caroline is here," said the page, at the same time drawing aside a fold of tapestry, and displaying to their astonished gaze, not a fair lady surrounded by her maidens, but the stalwort form of the Count de Auville, backed by fifty stout followers, armed to the teeth.

Instantly all was confusion; the two leaders sprang upon each other like tigers; sharp and deadly was the conflict, but after a few passes, the Count de La Hire lay stretched by a mortal wound upon the marble pavement.

The fall of their chief put an end to resistance and in a few moments the castle was in undisputed possession of the Count de Auville.

"My Lord Count," said the page, bending over the prostrate and dying form of De la Hire, "it was my word that brought the Count de Auville so inopportunely. Do you think I have selected my words with proper care?"

When the invaders had been driven from the soil of France, and Charles ascended the throne of his ancestors, no one was more cordially received or more heartily welcome at the court of their monarch, than the Count de Auville and his lovely bride.

CRITICS.—Critics are a kind of freebooters in the republic of letters, who, like deer, goats and divers other graminivorous animals, gain subsistence by gorging upon buds and leaves of the young shrubs of the forest, thereby robbing them of their verdure, and retarding their progress to maturity.—*W. Irving.*

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

At last accounts from Paris, the industrial exhibition was daily unfolding new beauties of art to the eye of the beholder. Stalls and glass cases were springing up in every part of the building, except in the area allotted to the United States, and there was already a sufficient display of rich, rare and beautiful articles to well repay a thorough inspection. One of the most remarkable things in the palace is said to be a cage or aviary carved from pear wood by M. Tahan, a celebrated French artist. The aviary is about four feet square, and is surrounded and covered with carving of exquisite delicacy and beauty. It is supported by magnificent branches springing from a centre, from which there are also thrown out eight other branches supporting as many elegant vases filled with exotic flowers. The whole is nine feet high, and the base of the pedestal is about nine feet square. As a specimen of elaborate carving in wood it is unrivalled.

The *cristallerie* of S.. Louis is another great attraction to visitors. It is a spot devoted exclusively to the exhibition of glass manufactures; and among the most remarkable objects in the collection, is the representation of a lion that has accidentally placed his foot on the body of a boa constrictor, and finds itself suddenly enveloped in its coils. The attitudes of the animals are very spirited, and the whole is admirably finished. The fur of the lion's skin is composed of finely spun glass, colored in exact imitation of the original, and the green sward upon which he has been walking, and the mignonette, moss roses, and other flowers which line the border of the case, are so faithful to nature that one can hardly realize that they are nothing but cold, hard glass.

Another part of the French exhibition comprises some matchless specimens of *point d'Alencon*. In the centre of the whole is the shawl of the empress, looking like a great black cobweb which a light puff of wind would waft away. It is valued at ten thousand francs. There is also a complete dress of *dentelle royale*, of a texture delicate as gossamer, and which its owner declares will wear forever. He tells everybody who looks at it that if it be torn almost in two it can be repaired so that the most cunning eye cannot detect the rent; that it will last a life-time, and that the price is only thirty thousand francs!

The English department of the exhibition contains many elegant specimens of cabinet and fancy ware, and the English department of art is said to be far superior to that of the French. It embraces none but *chefs d'œuvre* from the pencils of the best living artists, and for which immense sums were paid by the owners.—*Boston Journal.*

A CLEVER DODGE.

At the encampment of a body of British troops, in the province of Bojepore, in the East Indies, one of the officers had a horse stolen, but the thief missing the road before he got out of sight of the tents, was detected and brought back.

The gentleman, highly pleased at recovering the horse, and much surprised at the dexterity of the fellow, who carried him from the midst of six or seven files of grooms, was more inclined to admire his address and expertness than to punish him.

Next morning, his resentment having entirely subsided, he yielded to his curiosity. He ordered the fellow, therefore, to be brought before him, and inquired by what contrivance he had effected his purpose.

The fellow replied, he could not well *tell* his honor, but, if he pleased, he would *show* him.

"Well, then," says the officer, "since you are so bad at description, we will see how you do it."

"Now, sir, pray take notice. This is the way I crawled over the grooms. The next thing was to loosen the ropes behind, which I did thus. I then clapped a halter—observe, sir, if you please—over his neck, thus."

"Admirably clever, by Jove!" cries the officer, laughing and rubbing his hands.

"In this manner," continued the fellow, "I jumped upon his back, and when once I am mounted, I give any one leave to catch me who can."

In saying this, he gave the horse a kick, pushed him through the gaping crowd, put him to his full speed, carrying him off clean, and baffling all pursuit.—*British Guardian.*

GETTING WHITEWASHED.

A gentleman being somewhat unwell, recently, was obliged to remain in bed for a day or so—during which time the operation of turning the house inside out and up-side down was going on, and colored men were engaged in whitewashing and wenches in scrubbing. Desirous of being shaved, and not wishing to venture out-doors, he sent for a barber. It was a "colored" individual who was thus honored by a "call," and he having arrived, the sick man got up out of bed and sat on a chair, while the barber, with lather box in hand, commenced his pleasant task.

A little daughter of the gentleman, between three and four years old, happened to be in the room at the time, and the sick man observed how she gazed in wonder at the barber lathering his face. She instantly ran out of the room, but soon returned and took another look at the operation, as if to satisfy her that she might believe her eyesight; when she quickly made her way down stairs to her mother and commenced crying.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked the mother, who was busily engaged in superintending the house-cleaners.

"O," she exclaimed, "do come up stairs, mother, quick, and help father; for there's a big nigger *going to whitewash him!*"—*Olive Branch.*

Poetry is ever tuning her lyre, and singing of that beautiful state to which the human race is capable of rising. Hope is ever pointing her telescope to the better time coming. Religion is ever fostering the latent capabilities of sympathy and love, which are firmly laid in the foundations of human nature, and opening up before them scenes of brightness and beauty, which stretch beyond the tomb.

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"Courtship in the Dark," a story by FREDERICK W. SAUNDERS.
"The White Satin Shoe," a tale by M. V. ST. LEON.
"The Old School-House," a sketch.
"Three Years of a Miner's Life," by FREDERICK STANHOPE.
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"The Stranger's Grave," verses by TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.
"The Correction," poem by WM. A. KENYON.
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"The Rain," lines by FREDERICK J. KEYES.
"My Vine-clad Cot," stanzas by D. HAINES, JR.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"A Leaf from Life," "Twilight," "Visit to my Father's Grave," "To my Wife," "Watching," and "You say I'm changed."

TOWN OR COUNTRY?

There are two sides to the often mooted question, "Which is preferable—a town or country life?" Each has its furious partisans, who are willing to concede nothing to their opponents. One party insists that an exclusively country life is perfectly paradisiacal, and an exclusively town life the reverse of paradisiacal. The beatified inhabitants of the rural districts pity the poor benighted dwellers in the city, just as the poor sailor in the hurricane "pitied all unhappy folks ashore." *Per contra*—the confirmed citizen thinks the country all that is awful. Talk to him of moonlight nights, he replies in "rheumatism and mosquitoes"—to arbors, he objects earwigs—to grassy paths, wet feet. Dearer to him are brick walks, and the rattle of omnibuses, and the busy hum of trade, than the gardens of the Hesperides, could they be re-produced on earth. A water cart to him is a much more attractive object than a rill bubbling from a moss-grown rock and stealing through a green valley, sparkling in the sunbeams, and dimpling m the shade, and giving birth to a thousand flowers in its course. Talk to him of flowers—and he tells you he can buy a very handsome bouquet for a shilling, at a provision store; taunt him of fruit—he has the pick of the market, and he will even tell you that nowhere can finer grapes be raised than against the brick walls of his town house. Now the truth is, that there are drawbacks and consolations to both modes of existence, the urban and suburban. The can't-get-away people, those who are tied down absolutely to the city, and with all their sighing for a country life, are yet doomed to end their days amidst the busy haunts of men, in their occasional visits to the forbidden paradise, are apt to take altogether too rose-colored a view of the bliss of their fellow-beings. They look at the result and not at the toil.

Here, for instance, a citizen, in one of his rural excursions, will behold a thriving orchard, the drooping boughs laden with the promise of an abundant crop of fruit. My dear fellow, that orchard was planted thirty years ago. You may reckon up, if you please, the number of days' work that have been expended on its culture, and the number of good hard dollars that have been melted down in the process. It requires something more than digging a few holes, and thrusting in a few stocks, to produce an apple-orchard. If sleepless vigilance be the price of liberty, most assuredly sleepless vigilance is the price of apples. Let us whisper three words in your ear—caterpillars! canker-worms! borers! You look unconscious. Go into tree-culture, and you will very soon discover the meaning of these cabalistic words. If, totally inexperienced, you should rashly plunge into rural affairs, you must be sure to encounter years of disappointment before you acquired the skill and knowledge requisite to command success. There are libraries full of books to guide your steps—but all the theoretical knowledge in the world will not supply the place of practical experience. If you point out the rapid success of some of your city neighbors, who have moved out of town and betaken themselves to farming and gardening, you will find, upon investigation, that they were not born citizens, but they came originally from the country, as many of our most thriving towns'-people do, and in taking to ploughing, sowing, mowing and reaping, they are but returning, if not to their first love, to their first occupation—and men never forget how to draw a furrow or to swing a scythe. It is said that a large portion of those who, in advanced life, move from town to country, die of sheer *ennui*. We merely throw out these remarks by way of consolation to those who wish to get away from town, and are unable to do so.

There is another class of people whose lot is cast in the country, surrounded by its attractions, and gifted with the faculty of conducting rural affairs, who are hankering after a town life, and would find themselves as much unfitted by habit to enjoy the town for a permanent residence, as the townsman, born, bred up and ingrained in town habits, for the enjoyment of a country life.

But with regard to the contented rural gentleman, and the contented citizen, each has abundant reasons for his taste. The man who is thoroughly imbued with a love of nature, of trees, flowers, animals, birds, finds ample compensation in the objects by which he is surrounded for the absence of brilliant society, attractive entertainments, vast libraries, lectures, music, pictures, and everything that goes to make up the attractions of the city; while, on the other hand, the man who is wedded to art and refinement, requires no apology for his urban predilections. But there are many thousands, thanks to our railroad facilities, who can conciliate the love of nature and art, and divide each day between town and country.

DUELLING.

A recent duel between two gentlemen of New York who went to Canada, not to fire their pistols in the air—a frequent *up-shot* of such affairs, to borrow a pun of poor Hood—but with a seriously hostile intent, has again produced a discussion of the practice of duelling in the newspapers, as well as in private society. Few undertake a defence of this relic of barbarous times; but as our readers may be curious to know what its advocates say, we translate for their edification a few passages from that very able paper, the "Courrier des Etats Unis," of New York: "It will be vainly urged that duelling proves nothing, that the good cause may be defeated, that it is a relic of barbarism, and other no less emphatic truth. To this we reply that, according to the ideas which constitute the moral character designated by the word *honor*, the law, as it exists in civilized societies, is impotent to protect that abstract property which every true-hearted man prizes far more than his material goods. The vain and illusory satisfaction which may result from the sentence of a judge for an attack upon the reputation of an individual, applies much more, we must confess, to a man tarnished in opinion, and who profits in dollars and cents by the affronts he has deserved, than to the irreproachable citizen whom another citizen of the same character may perchance attack and wound in his most private feelings. Suppose, for instance, that it is a question of one of those outrages, the more shameful because they are committed most secretly, and whose first victim is a woman, powerless to avenge herself! Must a father or brother drag before the courts, and expose as food to public curiosity, the irreparable dishonor of a daughter or sister? The law and the tribunals entrusted with enforcing the law, are as impotent to protect the individual against certain personal attacks, as inefficacious to repair the evil in the case we have just specified. It is this gap which duelling is destined to fill—nothing more. Hence the legislation which shall attempt to abolish it, either will not succeed—and then will present the fatal spectacle of the impotence of the law—or it will succeed, and will then substitute for regular combats, assassination under the pretext of legitimate defence. If we wished to enter deeper into this question, we could easily prove that where duelling is tolerated by law and sanctioned by public opinion, manners are more refined, the relations of man and man more easy, and social usages impressed with a much more elevated character. We might prove also that the sentiments of honor, always guaranteed by the material danger of attacking it, elevates the dignity of a man, and inspires him with respect for himself and others, a hundred times more than all judicial sentences, all the fines and all the dissertations of prudent philanthropists."

Arguments like these, however satisfactory to the writer they may be, will not be regarded as convincing by a majority of our people.

AN ARCHBISHOP'S WIT.

All our readers remember doubtless that in the dreadful insurrection in Paris in June, 1848, Mr. Affre, archbishop of Paris, was shot on the barricades, while on a mission to conciliate the rebels and save the further effusion of blood. He was a witty as well as truly pious man. One day he found himself in a public coach, with an infidel travelling clerk, who conceived the idea of amusing the company at the prelate's expense. To begin with, he asked him the following question: "What difference is there between an ass and a bishop?" The priest, surprised, looked at the fellow, and after a few minutes silence, answered that he could not tell. "Why," replied the witty questioner, "the ass wears his cross on his back, and a bishop on his breast." After this tasteful pleasantry, the travelling clerk broke into a roar of laughter which found no echo from his fellow-travellers. A moment afterwards, the priest said to him: "And you, sir, do you know the difference between an ass and a travelling clerk?" "No." "Neither do I," was the severe rejoinder.

SLEEPING IN MEETING.—This disgraceful custom is of remote antiquity. We read in history that when Bishop South was preaching before Charles II. and his court, many of the monarch's suite went to sleep, and some of them snored. Whereupon, South addressed himself to Lord Lauderdale, one of the offenders, and said: "My lord, I ask pardon for disturbing you, but I must tell you that you snore so loud that you are in danger of waking his majesty." This warning woke up every one, and banished all desire to sleep.

DRUNKEN LOGIC.—A drunken soldier quarrelling with his corporal, ended by saying: "It's no use talking with you—you're no man." "I will prove the contrary," said the corporal. "Never," said the soldier—"I defy you to do it. Hear what the major says every morning at guard-mounting—'For such a post, ten men *and* a corporal.' You see very well corporals are not reckoned men."

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.—It is related of Fagou, physician to Louis XIV., that in the middle of an oration on the pernicious effects of tobacco, he paused, and, taking his snuff-box from his pocket, refreshed himself with a pinch, to enable him to renew his argument.

THE BASE DRUM.—An Austrian general who had been beaten by Napoleon both in Austria and Italy, one morning found a base-drum suspended over the door of his quarters, with the following inscription—"I am beaten on both sides."

THE LOOKING-GLASS.—"When you look in your glass," said the courtly Chesterfield to a beautiful lady, "you see the object of my love. I wish I could see the object of your love when I look in mine."

A BABY SHOW.—Dianora Salviati, who lived in Florence some 300 years ago, was the mother of 52 children.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The cold of last month was attributed to the snow remaining on the mountains north of us.

Trustee's trot of twenty miles in one hour, six minutes, and thirty-six seconds is hard to beat.

Edw. Welch, a petty officer of the Constitution, was lately killed by falling down the hatchway.

The Merrimac, recently launched at Charlestown, will be the finest steamer in our navy.

Barnum talks of exhibiting a specimen native of each country on the globe.

Six Germans committed suicide in New York in the course of a single week.

The bodies of seventy Chinese went home from San Francisco in the "Sunny South."

The Daily Mail has been purchased by the employees in the office. It looks well.

Gen. Scott, it is said, will derive no extra pay from his lieutenant-generalship.

Water, sulphuric acid and honey, is used in making spurious Catawba and Champagne.

An iron fog-boat is to be at the "Graves," in Boston Harbor, soon.

The Roxbury people are adding to their street lamps. Can't have too much light.

Near Groton Centre a man killed a water-snake, five feet in length.

The bounty claimants will receive fifty-five thousand square miles of land.

It is said that opium-eating is practised to an alarming extent in New York.

The Mormons have been introducing a phonetic alphabet at Utah. Prodigious!

A tall woman was lately mobbed in Lowell, being taken for a man.

Hundreds of frame houses are made in Cincinnati and shipped to the far west.

Generals Scott and Jessup say the allies cannot retreat without taking Sebastopol.

The rent roll of the great McDonough estate, in Louisiana, is $60,000 per annum.

Two deputy sheriffs, one for owner, and one for tenant, lately held a hotel in this city.

The Mobile Tribune rejoices that southern young men are turning their attention to farming.

General Thomas Thumb is still in the matrimonial market—still single.

An Englishman, named Roylstone, squandered $750,000 in ten years on eating.

EFFECTS OF STORMS.

Those whose years have only been confined to the present century, and who have not read the wild and sublime history of ocean, earth, and air battles, may be ready to conclude that great physical revolutions have never taken place suddenly, and that all the operations of nature are exceedingly slow. But we find it stated in "Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea," that in 1780 a hurricane took place in the West Indies, which produced denuding effects during the short period which it lasted, of far greater magnitude than would be due to the operations of common storms during centuries. The sea waves rose to a terrific height, and dashed down forts and castles, and flung huge rocks far inland. The wind swept down great forests, and levelled thousands of houses with the earth, and no less than twenty thousand persons lost their lives. We have no reason to conclude that such storms are hushed to sleep forever; and yet, who knows but they are—it may be that nature is growing more uniform, and less violent in her operations. The earth affords evidence of its having undergone great changes in by-gone days. These changes may not have been so long in progress as the majority of the geologists seem to suppose. The channel of the Niagara River, below the Falls, may have been scooped out in a few score instead of centuries of years, as has been calculated by some.

NAPOLEON A POET.

When Napoleon the Great was passing through France, in company with his Austrian bride, he came to a triumphal arch, on which the local poet inscribed:

"'Twas very wire, each one agrees,
For him to marry Marie Louise."

The emperor laughed internally at the lines, and after the mayor of the place had concluded his complimentary address, according to custom, he presented him with a gold snuff box, and replied to the speech:

"And when you take a pinch and sneeze,
You'll think, good sir, of Marie Louise."

We regret to perceive that the Rev. Mr. Abbott has neglected to mention the above in his life of the French hero.

CONVERSATION.—How very few good or agreeable talkers there are, and yet how simple are the rules that ought to govern conversation! You should never speak of yourself, and yet always listen courteously to those who do so. When you do speak freely, talk logic to men of mind, and *badinage* to sprightly women. Remember, in a word, that in company, you are not there for yourself, but to please others. If you don't like the conditions, stay away.

RAILROAD SPORTING.—One engine on the Ohio Central Railroad killed a flock of twenty-five sheep, a drove of hogs, several geese, and two cows, producing a large quantity of mutton, pork, poultry and beef. It has suggested to a Yankee, the idea of a steam butchering machine.

SHAKSPERIAN.—Some people have imagined that Hamlet was a retail butcher, not only from his name, *Ham*let, but because he says expressly himself: "My tablets! *meat* it is—I set it down;" from which it is inferred, he credited his customers.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—The New York Picayune thinks that Louis Napoleon married a lady of Madrid, that she might teach him to "walk Spanish," in case of a *contre-coup* on the part of the people.

SPECULATORS.—American speculators are travelling Upper Canada, bargaining for crops in the ground, hogs, sheep, milch cows, etc., and everything salable the farmers may have.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

The opening chapters of a deeply interesting romance of Italy in the 16th century, entitled, "The Ducal Coronet, or, The Heir and the Usurper," by ARTHUR MORTON, A. M.

"The Rival Maidens," a story by GIDEON H. BALLOU.

"The Knight's Dog," an ancient chronicle, by A. J. H. DUGANNE.

"A Sketch from Life," by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"The Captive's Release," stanzas by Mrs. SARAH H. DAWES.

"Little Teachers," a poem by H. D. L. WEBSTER.

"My Love is on the Sea," verses by ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.

"The Stars," lines by GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Washington taking command of the Revolutionary Army at Cambridge, in 1775.

A page of Revolutionary Relics, giving first, a representation of the Coat of Washington; second, a chair, small sword and cane belonging to him; third, the bier on which his body was carried to Mount Vernon, and the Flag of his Life-Guard; fourth, the Flag of Morgan's Regiment, the Richmond Ride Rangers' Flag, Camp Chest and Pack Saddle; fifth, the Dress of Washington, Washington's Masonic Chair, Insignia of Office, and Flags taken at Yorktown and Trenton.

A large picture representing the presentation of the Declaration of Independence to Congress.

Two large whole page pictures, giving portraits of the Clivis and the Military Heroes of the Revolution.

Portrait of General George P. Morris, the Song-Writer, and well-known co-partner of Willis of the Home Journal.

View of the recent Eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and the Bed of Lava in the Valley of Somma.

A large and graphic representation of Braddock's Defeat in Virginia, during the War with the French and Indians in 1755.

A number befitting the week that commemorates the anniversary of our Independence, and filled with patriotic associations.

✱✱ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

M. Michelet is said to be engaged on a work to be called "La Reformation."

Prince de Metternich has just given a grand fete at Vienna, to celebrate the 83d anniversary of his birthday.

A new work by Charles Dickens, in shilling parts, with illustrations by Hablot Browne, will appear in November. A London paper says.

Albert Smith lately exhibited and explained his Ascent of Mont Blanc, for the thousandth time! His London audiences are still crowded.

A Russian eagle, a trophy captured near Balaklava, brought to England by H. M. S. *Vengeance*, has been sent by Captain Lord E. Russell to London, as a present to her Majesty Queen Victoria.

"M. Horace Vernet," says the *Independent de l'Ouest*, "has just proceeded to Frohsdorf to paint a portrait of the Count de Chambord, of the size of life. The count is to be represented on horseback."

The only son of Andreas Hofer, the defender of the Tyrol against the French and Bavarians, and who was shot by order of the former at Mantua in 1810, died in Vienna recently. He was proprietor of an imperial snuff and tobacco shop.

Colonel Rawlinson has arrived in London from Bagdad, having brought to a close the excavations in Assyria and Babylonia which he has been superintending for the last three years on behalf of the Trustees of the British Museum.

It is confidently reported that Cardinal Wiseman is on the point of leaving England for good. The Roman Catholic papers abroad observe that the pope has induced Cardinal Wiseman to leave his archdiocese of Westminster, and become a member of the Sacred College at Rome.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Hope makes that present, by a prepossession of that which is to come.

The hatred of the vicious will do you less harm than their conversation.

Speak always according to your conscience; but let it be in the terms of good nature, civility, and good manners.

He that is sensible of no evil but what he feels, has a hard heart; and he that can spare no kindness from himself, has a narrow soul.

Contentment is to be found only within ourselves. A man that is content with a little, has enough; he that complains has too much.

Moderation of the passions, judgment in counsel, and dexterity in affairs, are the most eminent parts of wisdom.

A man's character is like a shadow, which sometimes follows, and sometimes precedes him; and which is occasionally longer, occasionally shorter than he is.

Of all sorts of affectation, that which is most incurable, is the affectation of wisdom; because the disease is in the remedy itself; and falls upon reason, which only could and ought to cure it, were it anywhere else.

It ought always to be steadily inculcated, that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; and that vice is the natural consequence of narrow thoughts; that it begins in mistake and ends in ignominy.

A man whose appetites are his masters, cannot perform the duties of his nature with strictness and impartiality. He that would be superior to external influences, must become superior to his own passions.

Joker's Budget.

Every woman's mother has been beautiful.

There is a craving in almost every man's breast for a latch-key.

A down-easter is said to have so trained an oyster that it follows him about like a dog.

Why is a man who marries twice like the captain of a ship? Because he has a second mate.

"I say, Pat, isn't one man as good as another?" "Of course he is, and a great deal bether."

The life of a fool could no more go on without excitement than a pantomime could without music.

An ancient and exceedingly simple method of book-keeping, is to keep all the books you lay your hands on.

Unpopular Personage—A fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on parade.

"Is it very sickly here?" said a son of the Emerald Isle the other day to another. "Yes," replied his companion, "a great many have died this year who never died before."

We once heard of a rich man who was badly injured by being run over. "It isn't the accident," said he, "that I mind: that isn't the thing; but the idea of being run over by an infernal swill cart makes me mad."

Cash helps courting amazingly. It is astonishing what oyster suppers, bracelets, "a love of a bonnet," surburban rides and balls will do toward expanding the feminine heart, and getting into the parson's house.

Diogenes paints Lord John Russell as the dove that came back to the ark without an olive leaf. Lord Palmerston is looking out of the window. Punch has Lord John as a servant, who has been absent on a errand ever so long, and who has returned with "no answer, ma'am."

Quill and Scissors.

The locomotive of a freight train on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad exploded at Aberdeen, Md., lately, in consequence of the engineer allowing the water to get too low, and then suddenly applying the pump. Thomas Morton, the engineer, and Monroe Hinton, fireman, were killed, and Henry Feltman and John Mills were badly, though not fatally, injured.

Gen. John M. Goe, of Jefferson township, Fayette county, Pa., clipped recently from a four-year old French buck a fleece that weighed 24 pounds. The fleece was of 20 months' growth. The carcase of the buck weighed 228 pounds. A French ewe, belonging to the same gentleman, produced a fleece weighing 25 pounds, and her carcase weighed 140 pounds.

The New Hampshire State Fair will probably be held at Manchester the ensuing autumn. To secure it at that place, one thousand dollars is to be subscribed by the citizens, six hundred of which is already obtained. The American says that the whole amount will be made up without difficulty.

Nine-tenths of the oil sold as olive in this country, is manufactured in France from American lard oil, which is purified by sal soda. The oil thus obtained is sweet and pure, excellent for oiling fine machinery and making pomade for the hair, and undistinguishable by most persons from the olive as a table oil.

Recently, a young man named Herman Huntemuller, residing in Baltimore, was in the act of descending the stairs of his house, when his loaded pistol, placed in his pantaloons pocket, was accidentally discharged, the ball entering the groin and severing an artery, so that he survived but a few moments.

Somebody says that "if ladies would eat meat but once a day, pickles once a week, and sweetmeats but once a year—if they would take a cold bath every night and morning, and walk five miles a day, they would have no need of cosmetics or red paint, to make them beautiful."

An assistant of the baggage-master at Galena, Ill., was recently shot through the arm by the discharge of a pistol in the carpet bag of a passenger, who, seeing the sad effects of his carelessness, presented the wounded man with *two rifles*, as a salvo for his wounded limb.

The Charleston Mercury says that the ladies of that city, who have been actively engaged, for some time past, in raising funds to erect a monument to the memory of John C. Calhoun, have been so successful as to secure the accomplishment of the noble design.

Somebody has complained to the mayor of New York that Mr. Grieve keeps on the sidewalk large coops of fowls, ducks, pigeons, etc.; also, goats, monkeys, dogs and ponies tied to the awning posts, and a lion in his cellar, that keeps up a constant howling and roaring all night.

In the late revolution in Peru, the slaves were all set free. Echinique, one of the leaders, promised to free all who would join his banner, but Castilla beat the former at his own game and promised freedom unqualifiedly to all. He was successful, and Echinique had to save himself by flight.

Jesse K. Kendall was so very silly, while at work with a foolish pauper at Hillsborough, N. H., the other day, as to continue to irritate him to such a degree that the fool struck him upon the head with a shovel, inflicting a mortal wound.

Antoine Sweslom, a Frenchman, recently a leather manufacturer in France, has been arrested at New York on a charge of swindling firms, with which he had dealings, out of 300,000 francs, by means of forged drafts.

A man named Bachelor, a resident of Illinois, has recovered $24,000 from a railroad company at Brant, Canada, as compensation for having both legs broken by a collision.

The Philadelphia Ledger says that the slave trade on the coast of Africa, from Sierra Leone to Cape Palmas—a distance of six hundred miles—has been entirely abolished.

A man named Echerriarra was arrested in New York, lately, charged with fitting out the Mary Jane Peck, which left that port in 1854, as a slaver. He was held to bail in $20,000.

Pelissier, the new French commander-in-chief, was the author of the fearful tragedy in the Kantara, Algiers, when several hundred men, women and children were suffocated in a cave.

The Mississippi papers state as a fact that showers of brimstone have fallen in that State. It has been dried, and proved to be genuine.

Miss E. Canode has recovered $1000 damages from George Robinson, in Botetourt county, Va., for breach of promise of marriage.

Miss Ann Jackson, of Kentucky, died, a short time since, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and eight years.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Mr. Apollos L. Perkins, to Miss Mary E Phelps.
By Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. John E. Bradlee to Miss Caroline C. Winslow.
By Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. John E. Piper to Miss Manuella I. Bunten.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Joseph H. Walbridge to Mrs. Bridget Stinson.
By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. Frederick Rhodes to Miss Hannah Thompson.
By Rev. Dr. Vinton, Mr. Thomas R. Scott to Miss Mary A. Ryan.
By Rev. A. L. Stone, Edward A. Wild, M. D., to Miss Ellen Frances Sullivan.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Laurie, Mr. John B. Savil to Miss Susan F. Searle.
At Andover, by George Foster, Esq., Mr. Thomas W. Dunn to Miss Mary E. S. Kent.
At Ashland, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Thayer, Mr. George F. Seaver to Miss Emily M. L. Jones.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. J. W. Clark to Miss Mary A. Hoffman.
At New Bedford, by Rev. James Taylor, Mr. Geo. N. Dudley to Miss Abigail Hood.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Moses E. Quimby to Miss Alice E. Lord.
At Lexington, by Rev. Mr. Fuller, Freeborn F. Raymond, Esq., to Miss Sarah E. Richardson.
At Philadelphia, by Rev. Mr. Wilmer, Dr. David Burpee to Miss Kate A. Atlee.
At Jacksonville, Ill., Mr. Lyman F. Joy to Miss Angelica Hazeltine.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Joseph Noyes, 76; Mr. Samuel L. Crockett; Mrs. Augusta K. Dean, 47; Mr. Washington Blanchard, 45; Mr. Richard F. Roach, printer, 23; Mr. William B Thayer, 29
At Roxbury, Miss Emily E., daughter of the late Mr. William Pitts, of Boston.
At West Cambridge, Miss Nellie Locke, 17.
At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Anna Knights, 67.
At Newton Corner, Mrs. Henrietta D. More, 36.
At Quincy, Mr. Joseph Gould, 76.
At Marlborough, Mr. Samuel P. Spencer, 41.
At Plymouth, Mr. Jessie Robbins 74.
At Worcester, Mrs. Abba A., wife of Mr. Edwin A. Prescott.
At Northampton, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Mr. Marcus T. Moody, 50.
At Canton, Mrs. Delia T. Crabe, 21.
At Saxonville, Mr. Dana Stone, 49.
At Provincetown, Capt. Reuben Ryder, 75.
At Nantucket, Mrs. Lucretia, wife of Capt. William Worth, 75.
At New Gloucester, Me, Mr. Orias Merrill. 84.
At Brooklyn, Ct., Mr. Edward M. Thacher, 23.
At Albany, N. Y., Francis Appleton, youngest son of Rev. Dr. Palmer.
At West Chazy, N. Y., W. Merrill Dodge, printer, 21.
At Easton, Pa., Miss Elizabeth A., daughter of Prof. J. H. Coffin, 20.
At New Orleans, Mr. Stephen Jarvis, 50.
At Canfield, Ohio, Mrs. Polly, wife of Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, 68.
At Columbus, Ohio, Hon. Reuben Sandford.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EOLINE.

BY R. C. SMITH.

I loved her, O how fondly
  Did I love that fairy one;
And now life seems all dreary,
  For my Eoline has gone.
Like the bloom of rarest flowers,
  Lasting for a single day;
In the midst of youth and beauty,
  Passed my Eoline away.

In the angels' low, sweet music,
  That oft seemingly I hear;
As it floats to earth so softly,
  Comes that voice to me so dear.
As I listen, wrapped in wonder,
  That voice to hear at even,
Then I think of my betrothal
  To the angel bride of heaven,

Like the lily, pale in beauty,
  Lay my Eoline at rest;
A smile upon her ruby lips,
  With her hands upon her breast.
So calm she passed away from us,
  And was numbered with the dead,
That scarce could it be realized,
  When her spirit pure had fled.

And as I gaze up to heaven,
  As I think of our fond love,
I fancy that an angel bright,
  Ever calls me from above.
That an angel crowned in glory,
  And all clothed in spotless white;
That she bids me come unto her,
  Come and be an angel bright.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

PLOTTING FOR A WIFE.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

"Upon my soul, John, this is a work worth doing, and if you will help me through with it, you shall have two hundred dollars within a week after I am married."

"Couldn't you go higher than that, Miles? If you secure her, you'll have a fortune with her."

"O, as for that, I'll say five hundred. Just place young Harlow where Emma Beaufort will have nothing to do with him, and you shall have that figure. How's that?"

"I'll do it."

"Good on your head. And you'll go at it at once?"

"This very night."

"Then I shall trust you."

This conversation was going on between two young men, both of whom were dressed in the height of fashion, and who seemed to be men of respectability. Miles Lawrence had once been a member of good society, and even now he moved in the upper circles when he chose. At the age of twenty-one he was left the master of a fortune, amounting to fifty thousand dollars; but now, at the age of twenty-four, he was nearly penniless. In three short years he had contrived to squander it all, and he had also contracted debts to a considerable amount. Few men could have whirled along in such a race of dissipation and debauchery, without having exposed themselves to every one who knew them; but Miles Lawrence possessed a calculating mind—a smooth, polished style of address, and a tongue of remarkable sweetness and power. Only his vicious companions, and his poor deluded victims, knew of his wickedness—those who had been his father's friends still thought the son a pattern of propriety, for he had contrived with consummate tact and skill to hide his real character, and appear among his respectable friends a respectable man. People still thought his wealth secure, for he gave them to understand that he had invested it in secure stocks and bonds. Thus was he enabled to contract debts among those who were ignorant of his real position.

But Miles Lawrence knew that he must make a new move to keep up the deception. His last dollar had been squandered in a midnight debauch, and unless he could contrive some means of replenishing his purse, he must soon be exposed. He could live by gambling, as he had done for some months, but he was not secure. Among his acquaintances was an orphan girl, named Emma Beaufort, who possessed a fortune of over two hundred thousand dollars, and towards this girl the libertine's hopes were turned.

About six months previous to the opening of our story, Mr. Walter Beaufort, an old retired merchant, died, leaving only two children, a son and daughter, and his fortune, amounting to about half a million of dollars, he left to be equally divided between his two children. Those two children now lived together in the house their father had left, and, as might be expected, they were the centre of quite a circle of admiring, scheming friends.

The conversation just listened to was going on in the drawing-room of a sumptuous gambling house in the great city, and the second party was a professed gamester, named John Broome.

"I am sure," resumed Lawrence, "that you can easily seduce Harlow to your purpose if you go at it carefully. He is naturally free and open-hearted, and he will yield you his confidence at once."

"Never fear," returned Broome, with a knowing wink. "I'll take him in hand, and when I have it fixed you shall know it."

Henry Harlow was engaged as editor of the literary department of a daily paper, and was at the same time studying law as he had opportunity. Left at an early age without parents, he had expended the little patrimony he received for his college tuition, and was now laboring with his pen in order to carry himself through his law studies. He was not over two-and-twenty years of age, and was acknowledged by all who knew him to be one of the most noble and handsome-looking youths of the city; for, added to the perfect form of manly beauty, he possessed an intelligence and soul that threw a warm glow of beaming light over his features.

Young Harlow sat in his office one pleasant afternoon, and just as he had finished reviewing a book, which had been left with him for that purpose, he was interrupted by the entrance of a young man, who was a stranger to him. The new-comer bowed very politely—hoped he didn't intrude—gave a few extra bows—then smiled, and introduced himself as Mr. John Broome. Henry was happy to make his acquaintance, and finally Mr. Broome produced an article which he had written for the paper, at the same time remarking that he should be happy occasionally to contribute to the literary and critical department.

"I know," he said, after some little conversation, "how such small articles sometimes help an editor, and especially one who needs time for other studies. I have had much experience in such matters, and if my own pleasure and recreation can minister to your aid, I shall be richly rewarded."

Now John Broome was a fellow of pleasing address, and he knew much of the world about him, and ere long young Harlow was delighted with him. He professed to be a graduate from college, and to have spent the last four years in travelling; and, furthermore, that he was now engaged in writing three volumes of said travels.

During the following week, Broome was at Henry's office every day; and at each visit he brought with him one or more articles for the paper. These articles were upon topics of particular interest, and were very neatly written, and Mr. Broome had them go in as editorial. They were, in truth, written by a besotted genius, to whom Broome paid a miserable pittance, and were then copied by the gamester himself, before going into Harlow's hands.

At length Broome brought in an article on *gambling*, which he read aloud. It was a glowing, thrilling thing, and Henry expressed the wish that he could write like that.

"Ah," returned Broome, with a meaning smile, "you could do it if you understood the subject. An editor should, by good rights, make himself acquainted with all the phases of society about him; for he cannot do justice to a complete record of current events without such knowledge. Were you never in any of the gambling saloons of our city?"

"Never," answered Henry.

"Nor was I until a few days since," resumed Broome. "An acquaintance of mine, who holds an office under the city government, asked me to accompany him around among some of the most notorious of these places, and I did so; and you may be assured that I was richly repaid. Suppose you accompany me some evening?"

"I will do so with pleasure. This very evening, if you say so."

And it was arranged that they should take a stroll among the gaming houses that evening. In every particular thus far, John Broome had shown himself a perfect gentleman, and Henry had conceived an ardent, admiring friendship for him.

In a small but sumptuously furnished library, or drawing-room, sat Emma Beaufort and her brother. The former was one of the most beautiful maidens of the metropolis, and nineteen years had shed their sunshine upon her. She was just such an one as a noble-minded man would love with all the ardor of his soul. The brother was some six-and-twenty, and bore upon his face the stamp of true manly dignity and intellect.

"I appreciate your feelings, my dear sister," said the young man, closing the book he held in his hand, "but I cannot fully agree with you. The man does not live who has not the power to deceive you if he has the will. I have known Henry Harlow for a long time, and you know that his poverty, so called, never influenced me against him, for your wealth is sufficient for any honest couple. But these rumors I know have some foundation. That he is in the habit of visiting low gambling houses is evident, and I am sure he has contracted the habit of gaming. And, sister mine," added the brother, in a lower key, "he has been seen visiting worse places!"

"By my soul, William," uttered the fair girl, "I cannot believe it! Henry is too noble, too generous, too manly for that. You and I have both known him from childhood. His father was our father's friend, and he has been our friend. O, William, *can* you believe all these things?"

For some moments the brother hesitated; but at length he said:

"Tell me, Emma—if these things were true, what would you do?"

The maiden bowed her head, and a cold shudder ran through her frame.

"I could reform him," she at length said, lowly, but hopefully.

"That is out of the question, my sister. When we were left alone, with none to love but ourselves, we mutually promised that neither should marry without the consent of the other; and we did this so that unhappiness should not creep upon us. Now I will never give my consent for you to marry a libertine, even though you might reform him. You would not have me marry a female who stands where he now stands."

"But we do not know—"

"Stop, Emma. I *do know*. I have watched him, and I have seen him in company with one of the most notorious gamesters of the day, and I have seen him enter one of the worst hells in our city."

"And how came you to be upon his track?" added Emma, in a tremulous whisper.

Miles Lawrence led me. He had received the information from one whom he did not know. It was a man who knew that Henry Harlow was intimate here, and who also knew that Lawrence was a visitor here, too. He told Lawrence all about it, and of course Miles was in duty bound to inform me. Ah, sister, I think, after all, that Lawrence would make you the best husband. He has wealth, talents, truth—"

"Stop, brother," interrupted Emma, spasmodically. "Speak no more of Miles Lawrence now. Let this matter rest for a while. *I* will place a spy upon Henry, and I will get at the truth if possible. The old lady who does our sewing has a bright, intelligent boy, and I know he will be faithful. You will keep this a secret?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. But Miles Lawrence will watch as well. He will be—"

"*A hypocrite!*" cried Emma; but in a moment more, she added: "Forgive me, my brother; but I have a strange dread of that man. Let him not know of what I mean to do. Let it all rest now. O, I hope Henry is not a—a—"

She could not finish the sentence, for her feelings overcame her, and she burst into tears. Her brother was quickly by her side, and placing his arm about her neck, he endeavored to calm her troubled spirit.

Several times had Henry Harlow, in company with Broome, visited the most fashionable gaming saloons of the city, and he derived much information from the visits, for he never before realized how much of wickedness and misery was to be found under cover of these gilded palaces. And this information to one in his position, was useful, too.

It was near ten o'clock in the evening, and Henry had just finished reading the proof of his department of the paper as John Broome entered his room.

"Now for the Montezuma Hall!" Broome cried, as soon as he had learned that Henry was at leisure. "There you shall see more of real life than you have yet seen. Come."

The youth put on his hat, and followed him to the street. They did not notice the light footfall that patted along close behind them, for the sidewalk was well-crowded with pedestrians; but they kept on, arm-in-arm, and at length they turned into a broad entry-way, which was brilliantly lighted with lanterns of stained glass, and from here they made their way up a broad flight of stone steps into a bar-room where the myriad decanters and goblets of cut and polished glass flashed in the glaring gas-light. But they stopped not here. Still higher up they went, and at length they stood in one of the most magnificent gaming saloons of the city. The hall was very large, and the walls were covered with mirrors, which, by their combined reflection, gave the appearance of countless halls, stretching away on all hands as far as the eye could reach, and all furnished in the same sumptuous style. Here were *roulette tables, Faro banks, E O tables, card tables, Rouge et Noir*, and many other games, in full operation, while at one end of the hall was an extensive bar, where superb decanters contained liquors of all kinds and qualities.

For a while Henry was wholly absorbed by the strange emotions which came over him at this view of splendor and misery, fashion and vice, all, in combination. He did not notice the boy who hung upon his steps, and hardly did he notice his companion until he had gained a full view of the place.

"Isn't this a strange place?" said Broome.

"It is," emphatically replied Henry.

"Wont you take a glass of wine?"

"No. I never use it," promptly answered the youth, at the same time gazing upon the bar, with its paraphernalia of destruction, with a shudder.

"But just one glass," urged Broome. "I seldom touch it myself; but an occasional glass of wine is pleasant. I will order a bottle."

"No, sir," quickly responded Henry. "When I act upon principle I never allow myself to break over it."

Had the speaker noticed the boy at that moment, he would have been struck by the strange light that passed over his face as these words fell upon his ear.

Broome seemed somewhat disconcerted by Henry's prompt refusal to drink; but he did not urge the matter. Shortly afterwards, he took the youth's arm and moved down the hall, and at length they came to an E O table, at which no one was playing. The banker sat by its side, and as the two visitors approached, he asked them if they would play. Henry immediately answered "no." Yet he was anxious to understand the game, and asked Broome to explain it to him.

"Certainly," answered the cicerone. "You see these letters, E and O, upon this circle here, and also those small holes in the gallery, lettered in the same way. Here, you just put a shilling on one of these letters, and you will see the whole secret at once."

Henry drew a shilling from his pocket, and without hesitation placed it upon the letter E. In a moment more the banker set the ball in motion, and when it stopped it fell into a niche of the same letter—and a shilling was passed to Henry.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Broome; "pretty good for a beginning. Now, just for fun, put down again."

"No," said Henry; "I see the secret of the game now. But what are those two holes there for?"

"O,—those belong to the banker. They are called the '*bar-holes*,' and if the ball goes into one of these, the banker not only wins all upon the opposite letter, but he does not pay anything to those who have bet on the other. If the ball falls into the bar-hole, marked E, the bank takes everything staked on O, and pays out nothing to E. Now try once more, and you shall see."

"No," answered Henry; "I can see it now;" and as he spoke he picked up the shilling he had originally laid down, and then turned away.

"Stop," cried Broome; "you have left part of your money."

"No,—I don't want it."

"But you won it."

"Then I am willing to pay it for my instruction."

"Well—as I have been your instructor, I'll take it."

And thus speaking, Broome picked up the shilling, and put it in his pocket.

The boy's face was now all radiant with light, for he had seen and heard all. Emma had a faithful servant. Shortly after this, Henry expressed a wish to retire.

"I have seen enough," said he, "to convince me that crime and vice cannot be hidden by gold and gaudy trappings. This place, with all its splendor, is the most loathsome hell I ever visited."

The boy clasped his hands, and a look of holy gratitude overspread his features.

"Then I must excuse you," said John Broome, with a frank, bland smile. "I promised to meet a friend here, and I must wait until he comes."

So Henry Harlow went away alone. The boy would have followed him, but while the two young men were speaking he had seen Miles Lawrence enter the hall, and, after having looked about a moment, pass away into the crowd.

Ere long after Henry had gone, Broome and Lawrence were together, and the boy was close by them.

"Now, how is it, Jack?" asked Lawrence, eagerly. "How does the game work?"

"Well, well, Miles," returned Broome, with a chuckle. "I have done enough to make his ruin if you only work right yourself. *He has played to-night!*"

"Ha! How much?"

"Why, not much, to be sure. Ha! ha! ha! Only one bet of a shilling on the E O, and even that he wouldn't take up."

"Never mind. He was seen to play, was he?"

"Yes," answered Broome. "I had a dozen men watching him all the time. I think you can afford to pay me the five hundred now, for your game is sure."

"But I was to pay you when Miss Beaufort became my wife, you know."

"But have you any hopes that she will ever have you?"

"O, yes. This young Harlow is the only thing that stands in my way. The lady's brother is on my side, *I* am sure, for he dreams not how thoroughly cleaned out I am; and with Harlow out of the way, and William Beaufort to back me, I am sure of the game. And I think this will finish the editor. We must see that the news of his gambling is spread, and when the proof of his playing on the E O is made out, his case will be settled, for I know Emma Beaufort will not marry with a gambler."

"*If* she knows it, eh?"

"Ha! ha! ha!—they don't dream that my fifty thousand are gone, and I'll look out that the girl is mine before they do."

Just as Lawrence spoke thus, he noticed the boy, who stood by his side, and as he met the gaze of those clear, bright eyes, and saw the expression of the fair, boyish face, he hesitated.

"What are you up to here?" he cried, giving the boy a push as he spoke. "Get out of this!"

The boy moved away; but he did not leave the hall until he had seen Miles Lawrence drink two glasses of brandy, and then engage in play at a Rouge et Noir table.

It was on the second evening from the events just recorded, that Emma Beaufort and her brother sat in their own dwelling, and with them was Miles Lawrence. The latter had just joined them, and the compliments of the evening had been passed. At length, by a dexterous shift, Lawrence contrived to turn the conversation upon the subject of Henry Harlow's career.

"Ah," murmured the hypocrite, in a tone of admirable sadness, "it grieves me to see such a youth throwing himself away. Only night before last he was in the Montezuma Hall playing very late. His companion was one of the most notorious villains of the day. He has been spoken to by those who would save him, but he will not listen. He does not deny that he is in the habit of visiting these places, for he cannot. I am sure that for the last two weeks he has passed every evening in gaming houses, and that he is often to be found there after midnight."

At that moment Emma arose, and left the room.

"But," said Beaufort, after his sister had gone, "Harlow does not generally get away from his office until eleven o'clock at night."

"I know he *ought* not to," returned Lawrence, "but I fear he neglects his business. He does not write one half the matter that appears under his department."

William Beaufort placed the utmost confidence in what his visitor said, and after considerable conversation, he found himself upon the point of promising to use his influence towards gaining his sister's consent to the union which Lawrence proposed, but before the words could be spoken, the door was opened, and Emma entered,—and she came not alone, for close behind her followed Henry Harlow. The maiden was enveloped in a long cloak, which seemed to indicate that she had been out.

Harlow greeted both the gentlemen very politely, and though William Beaufort returned his greeting, yet it was cold and formal. Lawrence did not rise from his seat.

"I had not expected this honor, sir," said Beaufort, after the new comer had seated himself.

"It was I who called him here," quickly spoke Emma, "for I wished that he should have an opportunity to defend himself if he wished. It is hardly fair to pronounce sentence upon any one until both sides are heard."

For some moments after the fair girl had thus spoken, there was a dead silence, which was at length broken by William.

"Mr. Harlow," he said, in a sort of unwilling tone, "perhaps you have heard the rumors that are in circulation respecting yourself."

"I heard them last evening for the first time, sir," returned Henry, frankly.

"And what have you to say to them?"

"I should first prefer to hear them explicitly stated."

"Really," said William, with much hesitation, "I hardly like to repeat them." He spoke nervously, for as he now gazed into Henry's noble, handsome, open face, he could not forget the love he had borne him. "You have heard them, Mr. Lawrence," he continued, turning towards the person thus addressed.

"Yes—often," returned Lawrence, evidently ill at ease.

There was another silence, and just as it was becoming painful, Emma arose to her feet.

"Mr. Lawrence," she said, while her eyes flashed with an indignant fire, "I had hoped that you would make your charges in the presence of the man you would so basely traduce."

"*Traduce*, lady!" stammered the villain. "You are facetious."

"Perhaps I am," returned Emma; "and perhaps I have also behaved in a manner to deserve your censure; but I can readily help you out of your difficulty."

As the maiden thus spoke, she threw off the long cloak which she had worn until now, and at the same time took a black cloth cap from beneath her garment, and put it upon her head. Lawrence started as he saw this, and in a moment more he sank back in his seat as pale as a ghost. He saw before him the very boy whom he had pushed away from him in the gaming hall! The maiden was arrayed in a garb of boy's attire, which fitted her well, and without a blush, she gazed the villain full in the face.

"Now what think ye, Miles Lawrence?" she uttered, in bitter tones. "I followed Henry Harlow into the hall night before last, and I was by his side all the while he was there, and I saw all he did, and heard all he said; and when he had gone, I crept close to you, and I heard all that you said while I was by. I watched you after you had pushed me from you,—I saw you drink twice—heard you curse and swear—and left you engaged in gambling! I think you will not be called upon to pay your base tool the money you have promised him, for he will not ruin Harlow, nor will you marry Miss Beaufort! I think you understand me now. And one more thing I think you understand, too—you will no more force yourself upon the companionship of those whom you have so long deceived. Had Henry Harlow been a weaker man, your wily accomplice might have gained some evil influence over him, but you know that your intended victim has withstood every temptation, and that he now stands here as noble and pure as when first you knew him!"

When Emma had ceased speaking, she fled from the room, and it was some time ere a word was spoken. Harlow was the first to speak:

"Mr. Lawrence," he said, looking the culprit calmly in the face, "I could not have believed that you would have been guilty of such baseness had not the proof been given me. When your accomplice came to me, I did not dream that even he was a villain. His offer to show me some of the haunts of vice in our city, was readily embraced by me, for as editor of a daily journal I felt that such knowledge would be beneficial."

"Now I begin to see through it," said Beaufort, gazing first upon Henry and then upon Lawrence; and as he regarded the latter, a look of contempt stole over his features.

"Mr. Beaufort," stammered the villain, rising to his feet, "I—a—a—shall take some future opportunity to explain this matter to you. At present, a—a—a—very curious combination of circumstances seems to have conspired to a—a—a very strange turn in affairs has come. It is beyond my power to explain now; but I shall see you alone, sir—some time. There is some mistake here, I assure you."

Thus speaking, Mr. Miles Lawrence left the house. He had not been gone many moments before Emma returned to the drawing-room, habited in her own garb. She went straight to her brother, and threw her arms about his neck.

"O, William!" she uttered, "you will not blame me for what I have done."

"No, my own dear sister," he returned, at the same time seating her by his side. "But you must tell me what you have done. Tell me all, for I am in the dark now."

The maiden waited until she had overcome some of the wild emotions that moved her, and then she said:

"You know I told you that I should get Mrs. Black's boy to help me in this. I went to her house, but her boy had gone into the country. I knew of no one else who could help me, and I was about giving up in despair, when Mrs. Black told me that Tommy's clothes would just about fit me. I caught at the idea, and resolved to pass the ordeal myself. The old lady brought me a suit of her son's clothes, and helped me to put them on, and then she fixed my hair for me; and having put on a cap I set out. I went directly to Henry's office, and then I waited until he came down in company with the man whom Lawrence had represented to be so great a gamester. My heart sank then—but when I reached the gaming house, and saw him enter, it sank lower still. For some moments I was too weak *to* follow, but I soon overcame the emotion, and then kept on. O, how quickly was I repaid for my labor! Ere long I heard the smooth-looking guide ask my—Henry to drink. 'No,' said he. The man urged. Henry assured him he never used it. 'When I act upon principle,' he added, 'I never break over it.'" And she went on and told all she had seen and heard in that place, and when she related the conversation she had heard between Broome and Lawrence, her brother was fairly startled.

"By the faith of my soul!" he cried, "what a fool I have been. Emma, forgive me, and I promise you that never again will I pretend to set up my judgment against the instincts of a sensible woman's pure love. Henry," he continued, rising and extending his hand, "pardon me. I came near doing you a great injustice; but perhaps you can judge somewhat of the grounds I had for suspicion."

"Say no more," uttered Henry, with tears in his eyes; "I am more than repaid now, and I am thankful for the experience I have had during the past few days." And the trio were soon seated in social converse.

It was past midnight when the youth left, and before he passed the threshold that night, Emma had promised to be his wife.

Miles Lawrence never came to *explain matters*, as he had promised, nor did he ever make his appearance again in the saloons of his former respectable acquaintances, for he knew that his true character was now exposed. But society lost nothing, for a new man came up to fill the vacated place. Harlow left the newspaper office; gained a wife; entered into copartnership with William Beaufort, and now fills with honor a station which virtue and truth alone can hold.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHERE ARE THEY?

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

The flowers that now so brightly bloom,
And fill the earth with gladness,
Wait but a few short months, and all
Will furnish food for sadness.
Their colors fade; their frail leaves fall;
They bow their heads to a fatal doom;
And the flowers then—where are they?

The birds that now on every tree,
So loud and blithe are singing,
Not always bide with us, but soon
To a far land will be winging
Their speedy flight; and each gay tune
Will echo but in memory;
And the birds then—where are they?

Time hurries on: the maiden spring,
In summer's warm embraces,
Will pale and wither, as struck by death,
And lose her thousand graces,
And softly sigh away her breath;
And the robin and wren her dirge will sing,
And her hours then—where are they?

The summer, like the spring, will go,
And vanish the autumn's glory;
And to our doleful souls, will seem
Like some old, fairy-story;
Or, like the fancies of a dream,
As howls the storm and falls the snow;
And their joys then—where are they?

The winter, with his chilling breath,
Of leaves will strip the woodland;
And like grim skeletons, will show
The trees of all our good land.
And shiver and moan, as wild winds blow;
And, whirled away to a dismal death,
The green leaves—where are they?

Still hurries Time: the maidens now
Our eyes and dreams enchanting—
Like flowers they fade, and as phantoms fair,
Our sad nights will be haunting,
With sephodels amid their hair,
And mournful eyes, and pale, pale brow;
And the maids then—where are they?

We welcome merry friends to-day,
Kind friends, whose sight is cheering;
But suddenly, or ere we think,
We find them disappearing.
A shadowy hand snaps friendship's link,
And they, like shadows, glide away;
And our friends, then—where are they?

And hopes, like will-o'-the-wisps, arise,
And softly gleam around us;
They dance away, and in the mire
They leave us as they found us;
Like a pole-star shines each flickering fire,
But soon it falls our longing eyes;
And our hopes then—where are they?

Thus all things cheat us, till we know
That earth is a vale of sorrow;
Till the night of death comes down, and we
Depart before the morrow;
And we slumber then all peacefully,
'Neath summer's flowers, or winter's snow;
And our friends ask—where are they?

Ah, let us hope that far above,
In some bright realm of gladness,
Our spirits roar, where blight no more
Can round us cast a sadness.
Where from our happy eyes no more
Are snatched away the things we love,
Nor we sigh more—where are they?

FRIENDS AND FORTUNE.

A SKETCH.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Friends in swarms, like bees abound,
When the field is tinkling;
But when no cash is found,
They vanish in a twinkling.—OLD SONG.

MR. SAMUEL SMITHERS, at the age of twenty-one, found himself in possession of freedom and a fortune. A rich old uncle, who had acted as his guardian on the death of Smithers's father, had brought him up in great seclusion at a country town, a good many miles from New York. After a decent interval, the young gentleman came to the great metropolis to see a little of life, and was, as might be expected, completely dazzled and bewildered by the splendors of Gotham.

One of his earliest visits was to Peale's Museum, where he failed not to be smitten by the charms of a dancer and singer, who, in all the glory of whiting, rouge, gauze and artificial flowers, pirouetted and warbled nightly to the admiration of a gaping crowd. Seeing herself the object of attraction to a young gentleman ostentatiously and richly attired, Miss Celestina Rigadoon addressed her notes and steps particularly to this unknown and very verdant admirer. He smiled his satisfaction; she replied by an answering smile; he threw her a bouquet; she pressed it to her heart and raised it to her lips. Poor Smithers was completely fascinated. Had it been possible, he would have declared himself upon the spot. As it was, he went to bed at the Astor, and dreamed of the enchantress, and the next morning called at her house, and obtained permission of her mother to pay her a respectful visit. Though Miss Celestine was ignorant and conceited, her charms completely blinded the poor young gentleman, and when he took leave of her, he left his heart behind him.

On his second visit, he carried with him a Cashmere shawl, which was gratefully and gracefully accepted. At the end of the first week's acquaintance, he made her a present of a necklace of brilliants and a set of pearl ornaments, that cost him five thousand dollars. It was a very extravagant present, but then was not the lady destined for his bride? Three weeks passed in ecstacy, and the deeply-enamored youth was all the while screwing up his courage to propose. Though infinitely superior to the foolish and volatile creature who had enslaved him, he considered himself so vastly beneath her, that she inspired him with as much awe as if she had been an empress at the very least.

What, then, was the astonishment, horror and grief of Mr. Smithers, when, one morning, the waiter handed him the following note:

"SIR,—It gives me great pain to inform you that you are an egregious dupe. Though a stranger to you, I could not witness the injury done a gentleman of character and fortune, without protesting against it. Miss Celestine Rigadoon, of Barnum's, who is now seeking to plunder and deceive you, is an arrant coquette. She is engaged to be married to a French barber in Chatham Street, and will only pretend to favor your addresses, so long as she can obtain money of you. I am prepared to furnish evidence of the truth of my assertions, and for that purpose will wait upon you about dinner-time.

Respectfully your friend,

AUGUSTUS FLASHER."

Mr. Smithers's correspondent kept his appointment punctually. He was a young man of forty, with very black whiskers and a large amount of shirt collar and jewelry, and stated that he was a commission merchant, doing business in Wall Street. His manners were exceedingly prepossessing, and after the infinite service he had done Smithers in opening his eyes to the mercenary character of Miss Rigadoon, Smithers could do no less than ask him to dinner. That evening they went to the theatre together, and the next day to the races on the Union Course. In short, they became very intimate, and Smithers, after having dismissed the false Celestine from his thoughts, blessed his stars for making him acquainted with an agreeable companion, a man of the world, and a true friend. Flasher taught Smithers to despise economy, got him a horse dog cheap for five hundred dollars, bought tickets in his name for all the raffles going, and went with him to every place of amusement at his expense.

Flasher was engaged in a very flourishing business, according to his own account; but he soon developed a very singular mania for obtaining his friend's autographs. He required, however, something more than mere autographs; it was necessary that they should be appended to little slips of paper called checks, or sometimes figured on the backs of written documents, all having reference to sundry sums of money to be converted to the use of the aforesaid Augustus Flasher.

Going on at this rate, it is not at all surprising, that after the lapse of a good many months, Smithers should receive a notice from the bank one morning, that he had overdrawn his account. At the same time several trades-people presented their "little bills," a commercial term for very long accounts, with a polite request for immediate settlement. Smithers sent his horse to Tattersalls, and then learnt for the first time that he was badly spavined, and not worth fifty dollars. He flew to his friend Flasher's, and found that gentleman was out of town. Several other intimate friends whom he had obliged at various times, were conveniently absent when he called. After a desperate struggle to recall some of the scattered fragments of his fortune, Smithers in despair fled from the imperial city.

Some months after his departure, the following appeared in one of the Philadelphia papers:

"Among the bold adventurers who were among the first to explore the auriferous soil of California, a young man by the name of Samuel Smithers is particularly distinguished. Forseeing the profit to be derived from the union of a strong will and undaunted perseverance, he has plunged boldly into the valleys watered by the Sacramento, and there has employed himself in digging so successfully, that he has been literally heaping up gold. We are assured that he has detached blocks weighing more than eighty pounds. It is estimated that the young and adventurous Smithers has, in three months only, amassed more than twenty millions of the precious metal."

This notice, copied into the New York papers, was the town talk for a week. It soon reached the eyes of Miss Celestine Rigadoon and Mr. Augustus Flasher, who were both astounded at the intelligence.

Some time later, the New York Herald contained the following:

"Wonders will never cease. Young Smithers, formerly of this city, but now in California, is undoubtedly the richest man in the world. Astonishing as it may appear, he has found blocks of gold weighing four hundred pounds. Four hundred pounds! the imagination recoils, astounded, before the prodigiousness of this fact. It is unquestionably true, however, that Smithers possesses, not millions, but billions. Satisfied with his success, he is about to abandon mining and return to New York to spend—a mere conventional phrase, for his purse is bottomless—what he has acquired by his industry and enterprise. It is said, moreover, and here, perhaps, romance invades the province of sober history, that he returns to New York with the intention of marrying a young lady, the sincerity of whose attachment he once doubted. It is certain that he will meet with neither refusal nor levity. Happy Smithers!"

Later, the same journal stated:

"Samuel Smithers, Esq., the celebrated Californian, arrived in town to-day, and astounded those who knew his wealth, by the simplicity of his attire, and by engaging board at the Pig and Whistle in Chatham Street, instead of one of the crack hotels. It is true, as we before hinted, that he has a love affair on the *tapis*. More in our next edition."

Smithers was smoking his cigar quietly in his hotel, when the door of his room opened, and Augustus Flasher rushed into his arms.

"My dear fellow—welcome to New York. I forgive you for running away as you did. Allow me to congratulate you. Ah, we shall have many a good time together. But business before pleasure. You know I am indebted to you in the sum of five thousand dollars. You call that a trifle, I know—but it was something to me at the time you advanced it. Here it is in current bank notes. Just count 'em, and see if they are all right."

Smithers did so, and put them in his pocket with an indifferent air.

A few minutes afterwards, the waiter brought him a large sealed package and a note. He opened the latter, and read as follows:

"Dere, dere Mister Smithers,—I always loved U—so i did—and I most cried my Is out when you desarted me and went oph without Never so much as biddin' me good Bi. But we wont speke of trubles enny more. You've cum back and we'll be very appy—wont we? But 4 fere as U should think me mersenry i send U them Dimonts and perles wot you giv me a long while bak. Take bak the jewls, but gif me wot I want ure true arts affecshuns.

Yures tell deth

CELESTINE RIGADOON."

"The artful minx!" said Mr. Flasher, as he read the letter over his friend's shoulder. "She has dismissed the French barber, and now she thinks she has you sure. It was a sharp idea, sending back the jewels, but I hope you're not green enough to go and marry her!"

"Not I!" replied Smithers—"I have got my eye teeth cut, now, I assure you. I can read her and you too, Mr. Flasher."

Flasher laughed feebly, as he encountered Smithers's eye—but he changed color.

"I've got back a part of the fortune I squandered," continued Smithers—"and I mean to keep it. But before we part company, Flasher, I want to tell you a secret—I *haven't been to California!*"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

BY TAMAR ANNE KENNODE.

Farewell! and if ever a thought should linger
In thy kind, loving heart, of me,
Remember, dear friend, that I will not forget thee—
And for me—keep a place in thy memory.

Should the tide of adversity ever o'ertake thee—
Should sorrow or sickness e'er furrow thy brow—
Think then of the friend that will never forsake thee,
But will love thee as fondly and truly as now.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MOVING.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"GIRLS," said my Aunt Jessie, pushing up her spectacles, "let me give you a piece of advice. When you marry, settle down somewhere contentedly, and not be wandering about like uneasy comets. Your Uncle Paul and I might have been twice as well off as we are, if he hadn't been always on the move."

"Uncle Paul discontented? Who would mistrust it!" exclaimed two of us in a breath.

"Nobody, perhaps, to see him now. But in his younger days he was as restless a person as could be found within ten miles. Then he did things by jerks, hurrying me here and there till I was most distracted. I could tell a good many stories about his shifting about from place to place."

Aunt Jessie liked to talk, and we liked to hear her; so we urged her to go on.

"Well," she resumed, "if I talk about my own family, I shan't injure my neighbors, and that is a great deal to be certain of in these modern times. In his younger days your uncle changed his employments about as often, as near as I can learn, as he changed his place of residence in maturer years. He studied for a physician, received his degree, and practised long enough to find out that there was a good deal of work interspersed in a doctor's life, and that his fees, many times, had to be twice earned. Then he read law a while, but a few months' observation in a lawyer's office convinced him that humbuggery and pettifogging were in better demand than honesty and equity. Coke and Blackstone didn't suit him long.

"But to his credit, be it said, your Uncle Paul, undecided as he was, never meddled with divinity; he was sensible enough to let that entirely alone. Then he dabbled in trade a year or two, and after assuring me every night for six months that he led a dog's life, he sold out and edited a newspaper. I didn't hear much complaint for a few weeks, and began to think he had certainly hit the right nail on the head. But I was mistaken. Sitting in the editorial chair didn't prove to be the very climax of human happiness. When a 'leader' was wanted he hadn't a leading idea; and when one did come everybody found fault with it. He resigned, on the plea that he was made for something better than a public drudge. What it was, he didn't know, hoping by perseverance to find out.

"We removed to the city. Husband was sure I needed the sea-breezes and a change of scene. I didn't contradict him, but I couldn't help thinking that the 'change' would be principally on his account. He proposed buying a house, to which I objected. Why wasn't I willing? We should spend the remainder of our lives in it, without doubt, and it was useless being dependent on others for a home. I knew better, but he would and did buy the house, at a high figure. He painted and papered it newly from attic to cellar, besides putting on several 'improvements' that never proved any improvement. Next he suggested auctioneering our furniture. To my astonished 'What for?' he intimated that it wasn't nice enough, shabby, old fashioned, with other disparaging qualities. I demurred, but in spite of that, it all went to the auction room, sacrificed, of course, to your Uncle Paul's love of change. He bought new, however, but in the operation, several hundred dollar bills 'changed' owners.

"The city soon lost its attractions. It was smoky, cramped, and the streets were dirty. The fire-bells rang too often, hand-organs would make a noise under the windows, felines gave too many serenades, the east winds blew too often, taxes were too high, the crossings were dangerous, omnibus drivers always carried you by your stopping-places, people wouldn't turn to the right on the sidewalk, beggar-girls were always knocking at the gate, and tract-distributors ringing the front door bell. I had a presentiment of what was to come. Your Uncle Paul wanted to move again.

"But I wouldn't take any hints. I had just begun to like the city; there was better society than a country village afforded; good lectures could be heard any time, and books and papers were close at hand. I took such a decided stand against taking flight again that I heard nothing more on the subject until I happened to have some difficulty with my domestic, which ended in my being left without help. This was a favorable moment for your uncle; he inveighed against the troubles of housekeeping, and the plague of servants; wondered how I had borne it so long without complaining, ending by a proposal to break up and try boarding. He went into all the details of the independent life we should lead, growing quite eloquent, expatiating on the nice dinners we should get without any care on our part.

"I professed to receive the matter as a joke, but time proved it a reality. I said yes at last, for I was heartily tired of hearing the matter discussed every day. The house was sold, husband said, at a great bargain. He didn't tell me the particulars, but the sequel proved that he lost just a thousand dollars and the repairs he had put on, by the operation. One of your Uncle Paul's grand business speculations, my dears!"

"What made him sell? Why didn't he keep the house?" I queried.

"Why, my child, he never expected to want a house again!" continued Aunt Jessie, with a significant smile. "Well, we went to boarding, first storing our furniture. Was he contented, now? Precisely three weeks. By chance he strayed into the kitchen of our "first class" boarding house, and somehow never relished his meal after that. What do you suppose he saw? 'Tis extremely difficult to tell. Perhaps he was not particularly pleased with the mode of doing things; perchance the personal appearance of the cook wasn't prepossessing, or possibly he saw her straightening her fiery locks in too close proximity to gastronomic preparations. There is a remote probability that her hands were not clean; yet this is all surmise."

Aunt Jessie paused a moment and looked so very wise, that we girls burst into a merry laugh.

"We moved," she resumed, "and after that, we moved again. As if all public boarding-houses were not alike. A private family with 'genteel accommodations' was next tried. They promised to do a great deal for a man and his wife 'without children.' Paul asked me twenty times the first week, if I ever drank such coffee as that private family made? But dear me! the human stomach needs something more substantial than coffee, and coffee was about all we had; coffee for breakfast, coffee for dinner, and tea and coffee for tea, with a nice cup of hot coffee in the evening. Liquids predominated, solids were scarce. Animal food seldom crossed the threshold, but original soups and plenty of vegetables took its place. This was a little unlucky, for I never eat cabbage, and your uncle detests mashed turnips and boiled onions. But then we had coffee. It was easy enough to see that he grew nervous and uneasy under this 'genteel' diet; but he was ashamed to complain, for his enthusiastic panegyrics were not forgotten. He bore it like a martyr, but that 'private family' would have been the death of us, if a popular restorator hadn't afforded us timely lunches.

"Your Uncle Paul absented himself daily. He was out of the way very often about the dinner hour, leaving me to face the products of the vegetable kingdom alone. I asked no questions, though I surmised that he was, to use his own phrase, 'looking up a place.' On this occasion, to be candid, I should not have opposed a removal. I was far from happy, and I knew he was miserable; but as he needed some salutary discipline, I remained quiet.

"What is the matter?" I asked of him one evening, after the termination of a long drawn sigh, and an interval of silence.

"The matter? O, nothing!"

"Don't you want a cup of coffee, Paul? You know there's a pot full always ready. I'll ring and have one sent up directly," and I threw aside my sewing and touched the bell-cord.

"Coffee! confound it! If you want I should be sick, order coffee!"

"I looked at my gentleman. His face expressed such unequivocal symptoms of disgust and apprehension, that I desisted from my feigned purpose and sat down again. Anon, another sigh and a yawn.

"I believe you are hungry, Paul. There was some soup left at dinner, let me get you a bowl of it. The cook wont be a minute heating it," I observed, pulling the bell energetically.

"Don't, don't, Jessie!" he exclaimed, jumping out of his chair. "If she fetches any of that vile compound up here, I'll—I'll—throw it out of the window! What did you ring for?"

"Come in," I said, in answer to a knock. "A domestic appeared."

"More coal, Bridget," I added, to the evident relief of your Uncle Paul. "I felt in a teasing mood, and I couldn't think of anything to do it with, but soup and coffee; they were instruments of torture.

"Jessie?"

"Well!"

"I've bought a farm!"

"If he had told me that he had bought the Mississippi River, I couldn't have manifested more amazement. I wonder now that I was surprised at any erratic thing he could say or do; but just then I couldn't possibly appreciate a farm. And he the owner! A man who didn't know a hoe from a shovel, or wheat from oats! A man who never cultivated an inch of ground in his life! I wasn't interested enough in our new property to ask where it was situated. He went on to say that it was about twenty miles from the city, a splendid place, beautifully laid out, could double his money in a couple of years. I was familiar with this style of talking. I knew his weakness.

"We moved—of course we moved. When people move, they go somewhere, and we went to our farm. We took our furniture from the sarcophagus where it had been entombed, and unrolling it, as Mr. Gliddon would a mummy, found the carpets and stuffed chairs moth-eaten; worth about as much as the wrappings round a mummy. But that was one of the contingencies of breaking up, and storing, to be borne with philosophical resignation, as an evident dispensation of Providence, like sickness and death. We succeeded in getting the riddled remains of them to our rural paradise, which your Uncle Paul said was destined to realize all our hopes of terrestrial enjoyment, and where prosperity was to roll upon us like the tides of the Solway.

"We took up our line of march in the month of March. We found our residence a large, old-fashioned structure, divided into rooms too capacious to be cosy or comfortable. Our fields too, were covered with snow, and for the first week after our exodus, the winds blew high and the winds blew low, shaking everything that could be shaken, moaning, groaning and whistling. Your uncle went to work with a will, but being unused to manual labor, his courage soon wilted, flowing off in the shape of sensible perspiration. He hired a gang of mud-shovelers and potato-eaters, who did their duty bravely in both these departments, especially the latter. He raised enough to keep us half a year, with buying our flour—six barrels. Then your uncle began to import stock in a small way—rare breeds of sheep and cows, with qualities too excellent to mention. Modern, new-fangled compost he bought in extravagant quantities, and made all kinds of strange experiments, always with the very best prospect of being eminently successful.

"At the expiration of a year, he had invested all his available funds, having nothing left for the purchase of Durhams and Shorthorns, or the hire of laborers. Well, what step forward was there to be taken? He seemed to have gotten to the end of his road; to attempt to make another move, appeared to him like walking up the side of the house. What did he think? Why, he thought it would be best to move. Moving, with Paul, you see, was a sovereign remedy for every trouble. I opposed his design, suggesting that he should go to work and carry on the farm on a smaller scale, with less expenditure and more economy. He objected, his moving blood was up—he looked for a place—talked of the far West and the sultry South. Finally he found a man willing to purchase. The terms were acceded to, but an unthought of and insuperable difficulty occurred. I refused to sign the deed of conveyance, and your uncle discovered that the thing couldn't be done. My resolution couldn't be moved, consequently he couldn't move. But he did what was better—resolved to become a fixture—exercised better judgment—settled down into a fixedness of purpose—took a wider survey of human needs, and began to prosper."

"Haven't you moved since, aunt?" I inquired.

"No, my dear. The deed hasn't been signed yet. Here we are, stationary, though much changed in outward circumstances, firmly persuaded that moving about, a continual change of residence, is the bane of individual prosperity."

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[Written for The Flag of our Union]

O TELL ME NOT OF BRIGHTER CLIMES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

O tell me not of brighter climes,
And fairer lands than ours;
Where all day long the sunbeams sport
With fairy elves and flowers.
For though their skies may clearer be,
Their stars more brightly shine;
Yet there's no land can give to me
Such blissful joys as mine.

Upon the land that gave me birth
No tyrants' feet have trod;
And freemen there their knees ne'er bend,
Save to their Maker, God.
Her daughters, too, are fair and brave,
Reposing, pure and free,
Beneath the spreading branches of
Fair freedom's lofty tree.

Though France may boast her sunny vales,
And Italy her flowers;
Yet none enjoy such liberty,
And happiness as ours.
Our skies to us appear as bright,
And none would wish to roam,
In search of beauty, which abounds
Within our own loved home.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A MYSTERIOUS BURGLAR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Did I ever tell you of the strange thing that happened to me some three years since?" asked my friend L——, as I sat in his store one stormy afternoon, when it was too bad for customers to venture out. I assured him he had never told me anything of the kind, and he proceeded to give me the following story:

"Perhaps you remember what a panic there was in this part of the city, some three years ago, caused by several daring burglaries. Three stores, very near me, had been entered, and the safes broken open and robbed. But as I lived with my family directly over my store, I had not so much fear, though, I must say, I entertained some feelings not very pleasant. One day, during the excitement, an agent for a safe manufacturing company—for Wilder's patent—came into my store to banter me to take one of his safes. I had one of the old-fashioned kind, but I had great confidence in it, for the lock was stout and curious. To convince me that my safe was *not* safe, the agent went at work to pick the lock, which he did in about five minutes.

"But this did not convince me. I knew that he could pick any lock, and I told him so; but he got the upper hands of me. He made me go over to B. & S.'s, and see a safe he had put in for them, and I was so pleased with it, that I finally told him he might bring me one, if he would exchange and allow me a fair price for mine. This he promised to do; but I could not have my safe under two weeks, as he had orders filled for as many as could be got off before that time. However, I was to have my new safe in two weeks.

"That night I put my money in my old safe, and locked it up. There was over six hundred dollars in all—some in a pocket-book, and some in the drawer; and as I turned the key, and slid the secret knob over the hole, I wondered if any burglar could get in there. But the next morning, when I opened the safe, the money was all gone from the pocket-book!—just five hundred and ninety dollars! That in the drawer had not been touched. The safe showed no signs of violence, and the pocket-book was just where I had left it on the night before. I called my book keeper, a Mr. Andrews, but he could tell nothing about it. My salesman, Burke, knew nothing; and I knew my boy Bill would know nothing.

"I examined the safe all over, and thoroughly overhauled the pocket-book, even opening bits of paper that would not hold a dose of calomel, but not a bit of the money could I find. Then I examined the doors and windows, but they were all right, and Bill assured me that he found nothing out of the way. Of course I felt sure that the lock of the door must have been picked, as well as the lock of the safe. I waited until noon, and then I went and gave the Chief of the Police an account of the affair, with a description of such bills as I could remember.

"That night I had three hundred dollars in bills which I had taken after two o'clock. I hesitated some before I concluded to put them into the safe, but I at length concluded to trust them there, feeling sure that no one would make a second attempt in the same place. I rolled the bills all up together, and tucked them away in an obscure corner, and then locked all up.

"On the next morning I unlocked my safe. The money in the drawer was as I had left it. I reached in after the bills—and they were gone! Down on my knees I went, and into every nook and corner I looked and felt, but the money was gone. I summoned my store-crew, and laid the case before them, but they seemed to be as much astounded as I had been. But I thought a strange smile crept over the face of my book-keeper, and in an instant my suspicion rested upon him. 'He has some secret way of entering,' thought I, 'and he has contrived to get a duplicate to my keys.' Of course he could do that easily. Just as I was about to turn away, he told me I had better wash my face. I went and looked in the glass, and, sure enough, in my search among the dusty papers, I had got my face pretty well besmeared. But I was not to let my newly-awakened suspicion be whipped off in that fashion. I believed I had a clue to the burglar, and I resolved to fix a plan to catch him.

"There was eight hundred and ninety dollars gone! You may believe I felt unhappy. But I brightened up when I thought of my book-keeper. That very noon, while Andrews was gone to dinner, a friend came in, and, during the conversation, he asked me how long before he—Andrews—my book-keeper—was going to California. 'Why do you ask?' said I. And my friend then told me he had heard Andrews talk about going himself.

"Here was the secret! Ah, that was it! Andrews was off for California, and he was preparing by making free with my funds. Of course all was as clear as daylight! So I resolved to set a trap for him. When he came back I was at the safe, and as soon as I knew that he was looking, I placed some bank bills between the outer and inner covers of one of the ledgers, as though I were trying how they would fit. As soon as I knew that he observed me, I took the bills out, shut up the ledger, and put it back.

"That night I had four hundred and twenty-five dollars in bills. We did a heavy business evenings. I fixed these bills all carefully away in the corners of one of the ledgers, and then I locked the safe up. I then went over to a druggist's, and got him to fix for me the most caustic liquid he could prepare. He soon fixed some, and informed me that a drop of it upon the skin could not be removed but by cutting off the skin itself. I went back to my store, and having locked all the doors and windows, I went at work and fixed a bit of sponge so neatly beneath the knob of the safe door, that it could not be seen, even by daylight, while standing in an ordinary position, and when it was all done, I poured the caustic liquid out upon this sponge. I did it by letting it drip, drip, upon the upper part of the knob, and of course it trickled down into the sponge. I kept on until the sponge was thoroughly saturated, and then I left the store, locking the inner door, and taking the key with me, which I afterwards put beneath my pillow.

"Early the next morning I was up and dressed. I went down into the store just as Bill was taking down the shutters from the back-room windows. He could not get into the front store, for I had the key. I unlocked the door, however, and went in, and bade Bill take down the shutters by the desk first. He did so—and the first thing I saw was my sponge lying upon the floor. The little thread by which it had been secured to the knob had been cut—I could see that. But of course some one must have got their hand upon it first. With a trembling hand I unlocked the door of the safe, and looked in. The ledger looked as I had left it. I took it out, and—the money was gone!

"I said not a word to the boy, but re-closed the safe and went back up stairs, where I told my wife the whole affair. She was as much astounded as myself. Thirteen hundred and fifteen dollars gone!

"'I'm sure it's Andrews,' said I. But I resolved to wait and look at his hands.

"Andrews did not come in until eleven o'clock. He had not been so late before for a long while.

"'You are late this morning,' said I, trying at the same time to get a look at his hand.

"'Am I?' he replied. And I saw that he was nervous, and could not look me in the face.

"'What have you been doing?' I asked.

"'O, nothing in particular,' he said.

"'But something must have kept you so.'

"'It's only a little private business of my own, sir.' And then, with a very red face, he went to his desk.

"At that moment I saw a dark spot upon his finger—upon the inside, at the end—and I asked him what it was. He looked at it, and said 'twas where he held his pen. But I didn't believe that, for he was some time in getting the explanation out, and then he had not had a pen in his fingers in the store that morning, and I wondered if he had anywhere else. I was sure he was the villain, for his every look showed it. He was red and pale by turns, and he could not look me in the eye a moment. When I went up to breakfast, I opened the whole to my wife. She pondered upon it awhile, and then told me I had better wait one more night, and place myself somewhere and watch. We had not yet quite proof enough to convict Andrews, unless we could find the money in his possession, and if we gave the alarm now, he might destroy it. So I took my wife's advice, and resolved to watch. Strange that I had not thought of that affair before.

"During the rest of the day, I treated Andrews as frankly and kindly as usual, and I saw that he began to gain assurance, and look quite happy. At nine o'clock in the evening, the store was closed, and I put two hundred dollars in the safe. This I put in the pocket-book, as usual. I then went up and sat with my wife until eleven o'clock, and then I came down and fixed a comfortable seat in the back store-room, close by the door, which I left open a bit, so that nothing could be done in the store, not even the tracking of a mouse, without my knowing it. There I sat until midnight. Then I went and got something to eat and drink, and came back again. One o'clock came—then two—and yet all was quiet. I remember of hearing the clock strike three, but I was too sleepy to hold out. I knew if any one entered the store, it would awaken me, and so I concluded just to drop into a gentle doze—nothing more.

"But I went sound asleep. How long I had slept, I don't know, but I know that I was awakened by feeling two hands on my shoulder, and hearing a loud, ringing laugh in my ears. I started up with a quick cry, and dropped something which I had held in my hand. Then that same ringing laugh broke upon me again. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. It was my wife who stood by my side, and she held a lamp in her hand. My first movement was to see what I had dropped. It was my lantern.

"And now where do you think I was. I'll tell you. In my own private study, right back of my bed-room, and standing before my secretary. The green-curtained doors were open, and so was a little secret drawer, which I had constructed myself; and in that drawer I saw a pile of bank notes. My wife laughed again.

"'For the love of mercy,' I cried, 'tell me what all this means.' And as soon as she could stop laughing, she spoke:

"'When I heard the clock strike three,' she said, 'I thought I would go down and relieve you. So I dressed and went down. When I got there, I found you fast asleep, and while I was considering whether I should wake you up and send you to bed, you started up out of your chair. I spoke to you twice, but you did not answer. You passed close by me, and your eyes were like two tea-saucers, but yet you did not notice me. At first, I was frightened by your wild look; but in a moment more the thought flashed upon me that you were asleep! I resolved to watch you. You went and got the lantern and lighted the lamp by a match, and then you went directly to the safe and unlocked it and took out the money. You closed the door again and locked it, working all the while as deliberately as could be, and then you started away, and came up stairs, and in here. I followed close behind—saw you open the doors of the secretary, unlock the little secret drawer, and put the money in there. Then I woke you up!'

"And the mysterious burglar was found! I took out the money and counted it, and found fifteen hundred and fifteen dollars—just the sum I had lost, with the two hundred I had just put in.

"When I was a boy, I used to walk in my sleep; but to my knowledge, I had never done it before since I had grown up. Of course, the excitement caused by the burglaries about me had operated somewhat upon my mind, and then the picking of my safe-lock by Wilder's agent had given more weight to it. I suppose the very fact of seeing that lock picked, and realising that I had engaged a new safe, thereby virtually acknowledging that I did not put the fullest confidence in my old one, had such an effect upon my mind, that as soon as I got sound asleep, my impressions took mastership over my convictions, and led me into the somnambulistic feats I performed.

"That forenoon, Mr. Andrews handed me a neat billet, directed to myself and wife. I opened it, and found that he had taken a wife. He was married that very morning when I saw so much *guilt* in his face! He had a right good laugh when I told him how wickedly I had looked upon him,—and, of course, he has concluded not to go to California.

"That is my new safe—up in the corner, there."

NITROGEN, OXYGEN, CARBONIC ACID.

The atmosphere that surrounds us, and which at every breath enters and permeates our bodies, is composed of three subtle, elastic, and invisible fluids—those named above. In the first, nothing can burn, and no life can exist; in the second, bodies burn, and animals live with great intensity of action; the third extinguishes both life and flame. Though they are very different in their properties singly, the admixture of them which forms our atmosphere is so beautifully adjusted to all things animate and inanimate, on this earth, as to call forth the admiration of every man of science towards the Infinite Chemist. Did the air consist of nitrogen alone, there would be no heat felt on the earth excepting that of the sun's rays; consequently, there could be no life on our planet, for neither animal nor plant could flourish. Were it formed of oxygen entirely, when once kindled, it would produce a general conflagration, and would not be extinguished until everything combustible was consumed. If it were formed wholly of carbonic acid gas, the production of light and heat by combination would be impossible, and there would be a reign of death. But the exact admixture of these three gases, forming the genial air which we inhale, has rendered it possible for our planet to be the abode of life, activity and beauty. Under their influence, plants put forth their green leaves, and flowers put on their lovely colors; animals live and enjoy the abundance provided for them; and man calls forth light and heat as ministers of his comforts and pleasures. The inert nitrogen dilutes the too energetic oxygen, so as to make animal life continue longer; and the carbonic acid gas is rendered harmless to animal life by the very small quantity of it in the mixture. And while it does no injury to men, and no good as it respects inhalation, its presence is essential to the life and produce of vegetation, and thus by a secondary agency, it is necessary to man's very existence—it is his poison and his aliment.—*Scientific American.*

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The following description of Female Schools, taken from an English paper, we take it, is not wholly inapplicable in some other countries: "Expensive, mindless, unpractical and useless, our schools turn out accomplished machines, whose minds are, like Chinese feet, cramped out of all symmetry, power, and natural use. A little music, which is merely manual dexterity; a little drawing, which is only distorted imitation of distorted copies—for neither art is ever taught in the breadth and significance belonging to it; a little history, which is but a parrot's roll call; some geography, which means a dotted outline on a sheet of paper, but which includes neither the natural history, nor the ethnology, nor yet the industry of foreign countries; needle-work, which leads to everything but usefulness; modern languages, which, when 'finished,' reveal neither the literature nor the people, and are equally unserviceable for reading and for conversation—these, as all the world knows, make up the list of English school girls' accomplishments; and few parents dream of a more useful or more intellectual education for them."

A SHREWD MIMIC.

During an interview which Martineff, the Russian comedian and mimic, succeeded in obtaining with Prince Volkhonsky, High Steward, the late Emperor Nicholas walked into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was soon made evident. Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents, and should like to see a specimen of them, he bade him mimic the old minister. This feat was performed with so much gusto, that the emperor laughed immoderately; and then, to the great horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself "taken off." "'Tis physically impossible," pleaded Martineff. "Nonsense," said Nicholas, "I insist on its being done." Finding himself on the horns of a dilemma, the mimic took heart of grace, and, with promptitude and presence of mind, buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head, and, assuming the imperial port to the best of his power, strode across the room and back, then, stopping opposite the minister, he cried, in the exact tone and manner of the Czar, "Volhonsky! pay M. Martineff 1000 silver roubles." The emperor, for a moment, was disconcerted; but, recovering himself with a faint effort, he ordered the money to be paid.—*London Sun.*

A PRETTY GOOD ONE.

The Sacramento Union says that a man recently gave them information that some one living in Humboldt county cut down a red wood tree, from which he built a two-story frame house, twenty-four by thirty feet, and furnished complete; after which he fenced in a ten acre field, with rails split from its trunk; then sold enough of its body to build a large hotel; after which, he found, upon measuring the monster, that only thirty feet of it had been used.

AN ELEPHANT'S AFFECTION.

Last season, a manageric visited the village of Johnstown, Herkimer county. When the cavalcade left town, it passed over a bridge which the road crossed, leaving two elephants to bring up the rear. These were driven to the bridge, but, with the known sagacity of the race, they refused to cross. The water of the creek, which flows through a gorge in the slate formation, presenting at that point banks of precipitous character and thirty feet in height, was low, and by taking a course across a corn-field, a ford could be reached. But the proprietor of the corn-field refused to allow his property to be so used, except on the payment of an exorbitant sum, and this the agent of the menagerie refused to submit to.

Accordingly the elephants were again driven to the bridge, and again they refused to attempt the crossing. They would try the structure with their great feet, feel cautiously along the plank with their proboscal fingers, but each time would recoil from making the dangerous experiment. At last, however, goaded by the sharp, iron instrument of the keeper, and accustomed to obedience, they rushed on, with a scream, half of agony, half of anger. The result showed the prudent prescience of the poor animals to have been correct; the bridge broke, and went crashing to the bottom of the gorge, carrying with it both the monstrous beasts. One of them struck upon its tusk and shoulder, breaking the former and very badly injuring the latter. The other was, strangely enough, unhurt.

Now was shown the most singular and remarkable conduct on the part of the brute which had escaped. Its comrade laid there, an extempore bed being provided for its comfort, while no temptation, no force, no stratagem, was sufficient to induce the other to leave, and proceed with the main portion of the caravan, which finally went on, leaving the wounded beast and its companion under the charge of their keeper.

Day after day the suffering creature lay there, rapidly failing, and unable to move. At the end of three weeks, the rain in the creek commenced rising, and there was danger it would overflow and drown the disabled elephant. The keeper desired, therefore, to get it up, and make it walk as far as a barn near by, where it would be out of danger and could be better cared for. But it would not stir. He coaxed, wheedled, and scolded, but all to no purpose. At last, enraged, he seized a pitchfork, and was about plunging it into the poor thing's flesh, when the companion wrenched the fork from his hand, broke it in fragments, and flung the pieces from it; then, with eyes glaring, and every evidence of rage in its manner, it stood over its defenceless and wounded friend, as if daring the keeper to approach, which the man was not so green as to do again with any such purpose. Thus the injured animal lay there until it died. When satisfied that it could no longer be of service, the other quietly followed the keeper away from the spot, and showed no desire to return. If this was not reasoning, mingled with an affection some men might pattern after, we should like to know what to call it.—*Journal of Commerce.*

CANKER WORMS.

These destructive little insects have during the past few days made fearful ravages in the orchards of our suburban neighbors, and among the fruit trees of many farmers and horticulturists in various parts of New England. Apple trees have been stripped of their leaves, and cherries, plums, and many varieties of ornamental trees seriously injured. It is but a few years since that canker worms were supposed to visit us periodically, coming not oftener than one in eight or ten years, and remaining through but two, or at most three seasons, at a visit. For the last six or seven years, however, they have appeared annually, commencing their labors of destruction as soon as the young and tender leaves have begun to expand in the warm suns of May and June; and, far from decreasing in number at the end of the third season, they have continued steadily on the increase from year to year, constantly widening and enlarging the sphere of their operations. Their tastes, too, are less fastidious than formerly, and they seem to have few epicurean scruples. When shaken from their favorite tree they do not trouble themselves to return to it, but climb up the first living thing which they find in their path, as if they were delighted to try the experiment of a change of diet. They are very industrious little creatures, and although they remain with us but a few weeks—taking their departure on or about the 17th of June—they accomplish injury during their brief stay to the amount of many thousand dollars.

Tar placed around the trees has been found, when frequently applied and well attended to, one of the most effectual preventives which have been adopted against the canker worms. But a gentleman residing in a neighboring city, who has carefully studied the subject, recommends another method, which is much less troublesome, and, in his opinion, more effectual. He says that the grub or worm which falls from the tree and enters the ground in the summer season, seldom penetrates to the depth of more than two or three inches; and that if a sufficient quantity of lime, say half a bushel or less, according to the size of the tree, be strewn around each tree in the fall, the lime will be washed deep into the earth by the rains, and will destroy all the unfortunate bugs with which it may come in contact. In an experiment made by the gentleman referred to, it was found that while those trees in his garden which were unprotected by lime were invaded and stripped by a multitude of worms, the others, around which the lime had been scattered, were comparatively unharmed.—*Boston Journal.*

YANKEE IMPUDENCE.

A smart English writer, abusing the British navy, as at present managed, says of their ships of war: "While they are asleep at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Chatham, or the back of the Wight, or in the thick of the Orkneys, one single dissipated steam-frigate, with jaunty, back-lying masts, may be shotting the 'caller herrings' of Leith; introducing foreign metal into Dublin custom-house, without paying the duty; shelling in the Brighton lodging-house keepers in just retribution for making their visitors shell out; frightening the bathers at Margate out of their impropriety; and, worst of all, playing the bowls without leave on the sacred lawn of Osborn. This is just what a *Yankee frigate* would do if we were at war with them, and she managed to give our cruisers and crews the slip; she would delight in doing such things, not for the sake of the damage, but from the *sheer, innate impudence of Yankee frigates*; and unless we have, as we ought to have, a fringe of artillery-militia all afound the two big and the many small islands, there is nothing to prevent such insults. Not that Britannia's back would be broken by such treatment, but her nose would be pulled, and that is not a very pleasant idea for her dutiful children."

A Benevolent Spirit.—"I see in this world," said a good man, "two heaps of human happiness and human misery; now if I can take the smallest bit from one heap, and add is to the other, I carry a point. If as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if by giving it anqther, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I shall be glad to do greater things, but I will not neglect this."

Jester's Picnic.

Sam.—"Mornin', Julius—got dem two shillins' you owe me?"

Julius.—"I don't owe you no two shillins'."

Sam.—"Yes, you does; you borryed 'em of me todder day."

Julius.—"Dat's nuffin. I'm busted up; made a sinement."

Sam.—"Wha—wha—what's dat?"

Julius.—"Why, it's do way de white folks do. Git all you kin, bust, and den pay fifty cents on de dollar to git off clar."

Sam.—"Don't you send back all your customer's bates?"

Julius.—"Sartinly not; dem's in de inwentory of my effecks."

Sam.—"Den how you pay dem customers fifty cents on de dollar? Whar you git de money?"

Julius.—"I didn't want no money. *I sent 'em one boot apiece?*"—*N. Y. Picayune.*

"You come from—"
"Yes."
"And you go to—"
"Yes."
"And you had a father and mother?"
"I did."
"And you had a sister?"
"I did."
"And that sister's name was—"
"It was."
"And your name is—"
"The same as my father's."
"I knew it. Rush to my arms. Again I clasp my lost brother! Again I do! Again! Again! Again! Ha, ha, ha! (Faints, falls on the stage, rolls over, and "shoots" a pistol at the prompter.)

Two Yankees took lodgings for about ten days at a tavern in Lancaster county, and fared sumptuously, drinking two or three bottles of wine daily. The last day, and before they had paid their bill, a dispute arose about the speed of their horses; they at last agreed to enter on the "profitable contest." The landlord was appointed judge, each being rider of his own horse. When they were mounted, the judge, like those of the Olympic games, gave the word —one, two, three and go. Off they went, and have neither been seen or heard of since; leaving the landlord fully compensated by having had the honor to be their judge.

Lieutenant S., being extremely ill, and almost dead for want of rest, it was thought expedient to give him an opiate. While it was preparing, his disorder being at a crisis, he fell into a profound sleep.

His friend and countryman, Lieut. A. P., who had attended him with the most unremitting care, seeing the state he was in, shook him violently by the shoulder, exclaiming:

"Arrah, my good friend, don't be after sleeping now, but wait till you have taken your sleeping stuff."

Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, on an occasion of a grand riot, ascended a block, and attempted by a speech, to quiet the people, when a random missile hitting him in the head, felled him to the ground. He was badly hurt; and as his friends were carrying him into his house, his wife met him at the door and exclaimed!

"Why, my husband, they have knocked your brains out!"

"No, they haven't," said the Governor; "if I'd had any brains, I shouldn't have gone there."

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other.

"O dear," said Smith, "how you make my head ring."

"That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown.

"Don't yours ring?" said Smith.

"No."

"That's a sign it's cracked," replied his friend.

An old Dutchman, who had recently joined the temperance society, was taken sick, and sent for the doctor to prescribe for him, who ordered him to take an ounce of brandy per day. The old chap overhauled his arithmetic, and found in the table of apothecaries weight, "eight drams make one ounce." Says the Dutchman, "Dat ish de demperance for me. I didn't get but six drams before, and now I gets eight."

The laird of McNab was writing to one of his friends from an Edinburg coffee-house, when a gentleman of his acquaintance observed that he was setting at defiance the laws of orthography and grammar.

"Confound you!" exclaimed the Highland chieftain, "how cna a man write grammar with a pea like this?"

Diogenes, washing some cabbages, and seeing Aristippus approach, said:

"If you knew how to live upon cabbage, you would not pay court to kings."

"And if you," replied Aristippus, "knew how to live with kings, you would not wash cabbages."

The Irish shop-keeper, who was lately cheated by an old woman stealing a jar of whiskey, and leaving a jar of water in its place, described her as speaking a strange dialect, neither Irish nor English. A punster said he had reason to complain of the *jar-gone.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on religious questions, it is strictly neutral: therefore making it emphatically

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